She's got Brass

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/5099414.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Kill la Kill
Relationship:	Kiryuuin Satsuki/Matoi Ryuuko
Characters:	Matoi Ryuuko, Kiryuuin Satsuki, Jakuzure Nonon, Inumuta Houka, Iori Shirou, Gamagoori Ira, Sanageyama Uzu
Additional Tags:	Kiryuuin Conglomerate shenanigans, Not sure if angst, Matoi the Tailor, Sibling Incest, Fiber-tentacles
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Heart and Strings
Stats:	Published: 2015-10-29 Completed: 2015-12-29 Words: 31,720 Chapters: 15/15

She's got Brass

by Vagabond_Anon

Summary

Post Rinne high graduation. While rebuilding the Kiryuin Conglomerate Satsuki agrees to go to the movies with a very excited Ryuko. Satsuki Kiryuin never turns down a challenge, or an attempt to bond.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Never fly Solo

Chapter Notes

Posted: 10.25.15
Re-written: 03.07.17

“speech, *tone shift.*”
Internal thoughts, emphasis.

See end note for details.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Even late into the night there was almost always one figure burning the midnight oil in his favorite space when free of engagements. The room was long and packed with everything and anything he wanted to work on when he had the time. Only one wall remained free of organizers, made of solid glass it gave him a full view of his appointed domain. The rows and rows of the conglomerate servers meticulously set up and run with the utmost of efficiency.

As the man in charge of overseeing them it was his call ultimately what the resources are used on at any given time. Including a very specific set of calculations running on one of two machines specifically rigged with shaped charges to detonate in case anyone unauthorized attempted to access the encrypted input and output files. Sitting in his chair in the dim light his eyes were locked on the progress numbers informing him that after almost a whole week of grinding away the single percentage value he wanted was almost done.

He'd been running the same equations for years now. Always watching for any changes in the variables he needed to account for. Always questioning himself over the ethical ramifications of even trying to distill this number into black and green text. Down to the last two percent left his tired eyes were locked to his laptop screen. One twitched when a rumble broke his critical vigil. His phone was buzzing for his attention. At such a time deep after hours he would usually let such disturbances go to voicemail, on his work phones.

Still not pulling his eyes away from the screen lighting up his face he dug into his pockets to pull out his private cell buzzing away. Exceedingly few people had it's number and if any of them

were calling him near midnight it was likely something too important to ignore. Swiping across the screen with his thumb to answer he brought the device to his ear still unaware of the bold texted name of the caller ID. He tried to sound professional, but his annoyance still came through.

“who could possibly be calling- Hello?”

The cool level voice that came back through the speakers shot enough adrenaline to wake him up and pay attention. It was a bodily response conditioned over years of answering to the woman who was his commander, queen, and now boss.

“Ah, good evening Houka.”

The CEO of a family business she was attempting to raise from the ashes of the largest corporate scandal in history against the advice of literally every stock analyst around the world.

“Lady Satsuki!?”

“You have my deepest apologies for calling so late and this will sound strange so please bear with me, but I need a costume for the Star Wars release coming up. The movie to be precise. I think.”

As the progress meter dropped down to just one percent remaining he swallowed his frustration and forcefully hit the delete key bringing the whole calculation to a premature end. Leaning back in his chair he pinched the bridge of his nose and put his mind to work deciphering what was going on in a very particular household comprised of two very particular individuals, that as usual remained excessively difficult to quantify in numbers.

The variables had changed, and by a probable rather significant margin to be so out of nowhere, yet again.

“This is irregular behavior ma'am. I'm assuming you're being dragged out by Matoi?”

“Willingly. She cares a lot about it and I want to make it a memorable outing.”

The words delivered in an uncharacteristically soft voice knocked the careful mental adjustments in his formula out the window. Her private emotional state and demeanor had been constant for months after the island was finally finished off for good. Finally back to a fire of her old self that made hardened business men quake in their overpriced shoes at just a mention of her weighty family name.

He'd only heard such a voice from her two previous times. The first when Earth's champion was wrapped firmly in her arms after an absurdly dangerous catch. The second when the other technical

Kiryuin had come back to Tokyo, stepped off the train, and immediately got crushed into the only full hug he could remember Satsuki being a part of. To speak in such a way while referencing an outing could only imply one possible thing. It was going to be a private affair between them.

They were finally doing it.

And he had just been given the proverbial keys to controlling a portion of the variables involved directly.

Navigating the folders of his computer he was being forced into a split second decision that had been in the making since an event referred to in his calculating as first contact. Puling up the results of the last attempted run of the numbers he let the numbers decide.

“Memorable costumes then. Which was her favorite of the six so far?”

And hoped beyond hope that it would be the correct course of action.

“*Six*... She was praising the antics of a Solo Ford?”

Pulling up a data set that took even his prized laptop a minute to load he scanned the third column solely dedicated to the observations of only one individual. The statement lined up rather nicely. With a confirmed sense of the current overall situation he already had a good idea of just what to do.

“I take it she has no idea that you have absolutely no idea what she invited you to?”

“Regrettably I may have neglected to mention this. It was late. She was excited. *Please help*. I need something, anything.”

“Well, there is one rather iconic outfit you could wear from the original female lead that should work but it could be fairly difficult to pull off.”

“I fully trust your judgment Houka. Email the designs to Iori. I'm still swamped with paperwork from the Federal review and have to clear it all to get that night off. Sincerest thank you in advance. Goodnight.”

Pulling phone away from his ear after she hung up abruptly he stared at the screen as it flashed off to black and became a mirror reflecting his furrowed brow. Years of observation and number crunching were possibly becoming reality. It had been inevitable, the mathematics were determinate. All he could do now was attempt to ensure it succeeded. Preparing a list of calls he now needed to make he set the phone down and got to work editing

the data set in preparation to receive a mountain of new values.

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“So this ridiculous request is real then Houka?”

“They're finally going on something resembling a date and we have full control to make anything for her Iori. We're not gonna get another chance at this.”

“I was briefed and went over your preliminary design this morning. Out of everything we could do in such a situation, you're not suggesting we put her in *this* are you?”

“That's exactly what I'm suggesting.”

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Outside under the night sky the two of them awkwardly stood side by side waiting in a long line for a ticket booth as it slowly inched along. Like many others present they were in full costume. One with her arms crossed over bare midriff ignored the masses of looks stolen toward her, her attention firmly on a young woman nervously fidgeting in an outfit significantly more casual. It would pass for normal clothes if it weren't for the small otherworldly accents yet the wearer was significantly more nervous. Her hands buried in her pockets and face firmly focused up at the skyline above. And she was being awfully quiet for once. Suspiciously so after all her enthusiasm building up for days.

Nudging the woman with an elbow she got her blushing attention. The supersonic flicking of her eyes focus up and down drawing a concerned raised brow.

“Something wrong Ryuko?”

Visually gulping she managed to answer with anxiousness in her voice.

“N-Nothing! Nooo problems at all... Iori, *uh*, did a good job on that brass yeah?”

Smiling she uncrossed her arms and put her hands over delicate metal plates on her hips that held the heavy maroon skirt showing *miles* of leg together. The long stare stuck on the metal bra

carefully fitted to her breasts also noted before the pair of blue eyes examining her got to her face.

"Indeed. Organa's *totally-not-a-Kamui* seemed amusingly appropriate given... *Us.* It's very much an interesting logistical challenge to wear though I will admit, it was made fully authentic to the *in universe* design. I hope the line moves and we get to sit down soon enough, its a... *tad bit drafty* out here."

"*Eh?*"

Turning her eyes back downward toward Satsuki's waist hands moved to let her see it clearly. Staring as a light breeze blew in she studied the visible construction and how the fabric moved when they got to take a step forward. Realization of what didn't lay beneath turning up the intensity of the light pink dusting her cheeks into a full blown glowing fire from within.

"*Ryuko?* Earth to Captain Matoi. Your hair is glowing and there are cameras around. Are you that excited to see this one?"

"...*There's some excitement going on*- I m-mean!! I'm *uh,* good. *Good*... Just fine!"

"*Mmmhmm...*"

Humming with something of a knowing smile back she let Ryuko go back to her idle staring around at anything other than *her*. As the line continued to move though she took the excuse to stand just a little closer to the woman each time. Thumbs hooked down into her waistline putting them even closer together as they rubbed elbows.

She knew what Ryuko's eyes felt like, and when the stolen glances taken by the one person who she wished to give them to found her she was sure to smile off toward the distance and occasionally shift on her feet making her odd brass jewelry jingle from movement.

They hadn't even gotten into the theater yet, but she still already considered the trip a success.

Soon enough Imouto soon enough. Never soon enough for the fire yearning for kindling I know, but soon. We need to be ready and there is so very much to do now that you're back and here to stay. I need to be sure the spark will take before striking the flint and steel.

Chapter End Notes

Initially inspired by this picture http://herokick.tumblr.com/image/131956024457 The rest to come just kinda happened.
Have a handful of chapters typed that will get through editing eventually. After that honestly no idea.

Edit: Going back through early chapters when time allows to see if I can fix them up to be more inline with current personal writing standard. Content should be the same or expanded, nothing should be significantly changing unless found to be extremely out of place.

To anyone looking to the next chapters and thinking “What the fuck happened between that one and the first one?”, now you know.

Snake on a mission

Chapter Summary

Your mission, and you have no choice but to accept it: Monitor them, keep them out of the papers, and don't let them get... creative.

Chapter Notes

Posted: 10.29.15
Re-written: 03.07.17

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dropping off a service ladder rusting quietly on top of a building in the normally sleepy neighborhood a brown robed figure made her way over to the edge of the roof and laid down. Pulling mask up off her face she whipped out a pair of binoculars to study the crowd down a few stories below in the street. From her position above she spotted a man waiting at a side entrance to the building for her signal, aiming a laser pointer as agreed he waved toward her and went inside. Turning her attention back to the front of the building she scanned until she picked out two distinctive *VIPs*. Initial positions set she tapped the small comm inside her hood to report in to central.

"This is Snake in position. Why the fuck am I in position nerd. Over."

"We copy Snake. Signals coming through unfortunately loud, but clear. You are well aware that your job is to ensure nothing goes wrong. Over."

"What the flying fuck can go wrong with a *not-date* to the movies?"

Putting binoculars down she realized one of the two women was scanning the rooftops and in a haste she rolled back away from the edge to avoid being seen. In theory the street lamps' light bloom should mask her visual presence, but it was better safe than sorry. Trying to spy on a woman honed for war and her super human sister was understandably difficult.

"Need I remind you the last time they were in public together was

the first share holder meeting incident.”

Crawling back over to the edge Ryuko was safely preoccupied in a conversation, she couldn't help but bring up her binoculars again to zoom in on Satsuki's face. Whatever it was the younger Kiryuin was doing it's always nice seeing their retired queen actually enjoying life. Even if why in particular stung at an old wound. The little *adorably fucked up* moments that happened on occasion she was privileged to be present for were fine enough.

“It was not that bad, you got the public indecency charges dismissed and flannel-for-brains swore off whiskey. It was a win-win. And why the fuck am I wearing this shit. No offense to Iori, but I can't breath in the fucking rat mask. What am I supposed to be anyway?”

“Being spotted would be disastrous for our efforts so you're in full costume for the next section of your part of the mission. And for the last time you're a Jawa. You oversaw the film club how can you not remember such fascinating characters.”

“I'm the only person short enough to fit in the air vent while costumed you mean. Don't patronize me dog.”

“You also don't want certain people to know you anonymously wrote for the Creative Romance Writing club back in Honnouji. Productions frequently involving some very *very* detailed, *and raunchy*, hate sex scenes between two specific enemies at the time-”

“I already agreed. One more word about that and I skullfuck you with a trombone. *Holdup*, Whatever Satsuki's doing down there its already lighting Reds hair boner up... *Stupid horny scarf-face, ughh*. Could they stop being ambiguously awkward and fucking fuck already to get it out of the system...”

“First, Operation camera corrupter is go. Get moving. Second, stop dictating your next *master-batory-piece*. Over.”

“I hate you so much.”

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“*-non-*”

“...*wha*...”

Groggily opening her eyes it felt like lead weights was pulling them back closed as static rumbled in her ears. Unable to

stretch in her cramped position in a dark aluminum space she rubbed her shoulders trying to get comfortable for another nap.

"*Nono-*"

"*Five more... minutes...*"

"Nonon Jakuzure, come in!"

Springing awake when her earpiece exploded in a yell she smacked her head into the ceiling of the vent creating a reverberating racket around her.

"*Fuck! Damn it...* My ears are worth serious money Dog! I'm up I'm up. What I miss?"

"Luckily not much. Uzu covered internal duty as planned. There was brief hand holding on the armrest, it was cute. Shows over and they're on the move to the parking lot. Get going."

"They're going home though. Creepy stalker mission accomplished, nothing that could make negative headlines tomorrow happened. Crisis averted Dog. Why the fuck am I still supposed to follow?"

"They are going for take-out. Had you not fallen asleep in the vent you would have heard them walk by. Thank your oversensitive microphone. Over."

"*Ughh*... Moving to the car. Over."

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Sitting behind the wheel of a nondescript black company sedan far enough back in traffic to remain inconspicuous she folded her arms onto the wheel at a red light. Her focus squarely on the red rumbling bike and the two women on it while muttering to herself.

"*For the love of fuck, why a motorcycle you uncultured...*"

When the light changed the two feet planted on pavement pushed off so they could roar down the road. Pushing the car hard to keep up with them her earpiece crackled back to life furthering her annoyance.

"Didn't quite catch that Snake. Anyway, you know how she is. Just make sure they don't do anything reckless."

"Satsuki is in her fucking lap!"

“I can't speak with experience but you might be able to relate. I imagine bare metal fender would be rather uncomfortable on bare or *very nearly bare* bottom-”

“Inumuta, they are going a hundred twenty-eight and Lady Satsuki is in a fucking loincloth! *THAT* count as reckless enough yet!?”

Screaming into her comm car horns blared as she wrenched the wheel to aggressively weave through traffic. Bike picking up speed and bobbing between cars ahead.

“*Out of the way fuckfaces musician coming through!*”

“Come again?... I think there was interference. *A hundred twenty-eight?*”

“*YOU FUCKING HEARD ME DOG!* The harlots gonna get her killed, *DO SOMETHING!*”

“*Um, okay,* traffic board... accessing... too much congestion on the side streets to redirect safely... Got it. Rerouting lights, you have a highway of all greens along the rail yard coming up.”

“Good, finally some- *THIS ROADS ALL GRAVEL WARCRAFT FOR BRAINS!*”

“What? *Notice, full resurfacing for twenty-three kilometers... Oh dear.*”

“You're lucky I took up rally-cross! Mission's over, I'm pulling *her* over! You owe me one Dog!!”

“Force guide you Jakuzure.”

“Fuck you!”

Flooring the accelerator her car was rattling horribly, chasing down the bike swerving to dodge potholes and grooves in the asphalt.

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“So Nonon, would you be so kind as to please explain why you were following us?”

Stuck under the piercing gaze of Lady Satsuki Kiryuin across the table she shrunk down into her seat and stuffed her mouth with another bite of a cheap burger to stall for time. It helped that the food while excessively greasy was admittedly *damn good*. Sitting in a booth in the back of the fairly busy unmarked

eatery none of their social group could figure how Ryuko even *found* many meals ago both Kiryuins were looking at her expectantly. One roguishly handsome with her own mouth inhaling a second burger dripping onto wax-paper, the other dignified as ever sitting up properly in the brown cloth that was Nonon's costume over-layer to cover up her *shiny bikini*.

"...Security."

The answer was technically honest, but it still brought out more hostility from the woman who had been beyond excited for this night out as *just the two of them*. And not including a pink haired third wheel. Cheeks still full she managed to word out her frustration and disbelief.

"*Bullshish! I cahn fubing wihn a fish figh wiff a tank!*"

An accusatory finger covered in mess pointed at herself only to be quickly caught and cleaned with a napkin. Ryuko's anger burned away with a blush after getting a soft chiding for speaking with her mouth full.

"Please swallow Ryuko, for me?"

Not quite diffused she hunched forward and focused back on her food full of salty delicious distraction. Nothing could ruin that at least. Content with that Satsuki turned her attention back to their surprise guest who had admitted to spying on already.

"While I wouldn't put it as such, I will say it was in fact unnecessary."

"Lady Satsuki, So long as you're happy we don't care what in the fly... *flipping-hell* you do. But for the love of ...*fries*, please restrain *cummerbund-in-training* for your own safety."

"Oi. You wanna go troll?"

"Bite me you obnoxious walking sweater-meat."

"Someone's jealous."

Slapping hands down on the table Nonon growled at the insinuation.

"*WHY YOU-!*"

Her yelling was cut off before they could cause a scene.

"Behave yourselves. Midnight greasy burger joint or not *mind your manners.* All things considered I trust Ryuko knows what she is doing, and is more than physically capable enough to handle any situation that could conceivably come up. I was and will be in safe hands on top of being quite capable of handling myself. I

thank you all for the robe and concern though.”

“...*Fine.*”

“As you wish Lady Satsuki.”

Chapter End Notes

Nonon inherited a stake of ownership in the Jakuzure Shipping corporation.
This is vaguely important later.
Things get different after this one, formed something of a story at this point.

Edit: Apologies for the font change, not sure how to keep the default with my formatting.

Red Label

Chapter Summary

Internal Executive Opening. Contact upper management for an interview. Please bring a portfolio of your work and references from management. Experienced tailor and/or designer preferred.

Chapter Notes

Posted: 10/30/15
Rewrite: 02/18/18

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I'm telling you Ryuko, no one could survive that long on just potatoes. Besides martian soil is, *as far as I'm aware*, permeated with Iron-oxide. Without water to clean them that would be very hazardous for consumption."

A large television scrolling credits went ignored as the two women were embroiled in the latest lighthearted argument spawned after using it. This was not an unusual occurrence, pretty much every one of the films Ryuko managed to rope Satsuki into actually sitting through ended in such a way. It had just become another part of the regular film marathon they did once a week.

"And I'm sayin you gotta pay attention. He was rationing those nutrient tofu blocks with every meal. He was also using the best dirt he had access to. First few minutes ring a bell? The sample hill *specifically* good enough to use for growin shit."

Satsuki was absolutely thrilled getting to engage her younger in real analytical conversation based on something she cared about passionately. Even if it was based on nonsensical entertainment. Even if she didn't really care for such movies, *time wasters*, at all herself.

"Unless that substance was packed beyond physical capacity there is no way it would fit required nutritional composition. He was also eating only a third of that standard ration per meal. Again there is no way he could have survived on I quote *Mars-tators*."

Although overtime that description was changing to just *some, are time wasters.* Whether that was because some of the features she was being forced into experiencing were actually entertaining, if not thought provoking, or simply getting to sit close to Ryuko and watch her drink in movie after movie like a child experiencing the world's deepest wonders for the first time, she couldn't say for sure.

"*Hmmphh*. I have a space suit, howsabout I'll go get some fuckin dirt from up there and bring it back for the nerds to study. *Happy ya killjoy?*"

It really didn't matter.

"I have no doubt at all that if you tried you would eventually succeed. *Thus Ushering in a new chapter of human history with one small step for man, one giant leap for potato growers everywhere!*"

She cherished every second of it either way.

"*Ha. Ha.* Eyebrows the comedian."

"Oh but I don't want you to leave for three years. For the rest of us such a trip is still difficult. What on Earth would I ever *possibly* do every Friday movie night while you're on Mars? Speaking of space suits though. *Theoretical martian horticultural botany* aside, I must ask exactly when and how did you acquire that replica hard suit? I only agreed to watch this not more than two days ago. How did you possibly get it so fast?"

Reclined back in her seat on one end of the short couch, she aimed the question at the woman sitting at the other end. While lacking the helmet for comfort reasons Ryuko was in an orange and white suit emblazoned with official looking numbers and designations for one *Commander Ryuko* and *NASA*. The only thing she was missing was martian dust to weather the suit.

She rose a suspicious eyebrow when Ryuko stammered out a nervous deflection instead of an answer.

"*Oh, uh, you know*... H-Hows work coming along?"

"The Kiryuin Conglomerate has fully overcome the financial audit and investigation period with flying colors. Iori has been putting in overtime to get us ready for fashion week launch on schedule, but there are still some snags to work out. Positions to fill."

"Well that's kinda good to hear."

"Now that your non-subtle attempt at redirection is satisfied maybe you can indulge *my* curiosity? I'm genuinely interested. You've had a costume for every other film and they have so far all been absolutely flawless. It can't be Iori's work, he was

wondering about their origin as well. I've so far turned him down but Inumuta has been asking me to steal one at some point so they can figure out where they come from."

"*Fuckers... Um*, well it's a bit of a story."

"We have the night Imouto, whatever pace you're comfortable with is fine."

Sinking back into the sofa Ryuko brought up her hands. Covered by orange gloves she couldn't see them directly but there wouldn't be any permanent marks to see anyway. No trace of the wounds earned in her life from many sources, including a number of pin pricks and needle stabs from long ago when she had a father who acted like one.

"Way back in boarding school for the first few years kids had to go home with parents for extended holidays. He'd bring me home with ripped jeans and popped seams earned in fights, and he'd say with a smile *No daughter of mine will go around with holes or cheap clothes...* I mean he *was* kinda a tailor right?"

"To a degree. He was involved with creating the machine that was REVOCS' back end design work to *great success* as far as I'm aware."

"So yeah, he taught me how to sew. It's been useful over the years while alone on the road. Saved a lot of money by making my own clothes instead of dumping it at box stores that up-charge everything. Anyone that made fun of it got their ass kicked. Helped missus Mankanshoku out by repairing a hole here and there while livin with em. *Something* to just give at least a little back for everything they've done."

"You made everything you wore daily? *Everything?*"

"I did, *and well*, still do. What, you want some pants fixed or something? I still have my complete kit for shit like *this stuff*, some patching would be nothing and you wouldn't even know it was done."

"Father was first and foremost a Life Fiber scientist. I don't think you learned contemporary darning techniques."

"Oh, well yeah I guess. Whatever. It's comfy when everything you own always fits just right. Never too long, too short, too tight or loose. *No bullshit with pre-labeled sizes changing between brands...* Or is that supposed to be beneath me now that I'm not a street urchin? *I'll pass.*"

"Then our suspicions were correct."

"*Suspicions?*"

"*Mmmhmm.*"

This time it was Satsuki's turn to answer with a noncommittal response in the form of a vaguely affirmative hum. Getting up from her seat she made sure to turn off the television before shooting off a quick text from her phone. Device unmuted and returned to her pocket she made her way over to Ryuko to pull her up off the couch.

"We are taking a trip. You'll need to change out of *that*."

"What, *when?* It's already dark out and we still gotta see the Alien movie- hey stop pulling the harness! *Oi*, where are we going Eyebrows!?"

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"Storage array one is full, switching to array two. If we fill that one as well we're going to have to send someone upstairs to power on the backup."

"Houka did you see the shoulder joint? Switch to viewfinder seven."

"Affirmative. I can't spot it either, only an internal reinforcing band. *Highly unusual*. Matoi, this was all done *by hand!?*"

Sitting next to each other once again, in folding chairs, they were in a sub level beneath the Conglomerate's headquarters. A space technically operated by a business venture named *Kiryuin Technologies,* that also subleased to Inumuta's own little business startup. On paper it was simply another company under the conglomerate to diversify the family's property holdings. In reality it was a growing research and development house staffed by some of the best and brightest people they could poach from the now dissolved Nudist Beach, and a handful of personal recommendations by the two young men currently studying a vast bank of screens in front of them. Each and every display showing different angles of the same white shirt suspended in an observation box being manipulated by mechanical arms.

"*Uh, yeah?* It's not like I could lug a sewing machine on my back across half of northern Japan for the longest time, so I never use em. Buy fabric and thread then make what I need with some needles when I need it. Can I have my shirt back already nerds? *This towel itches like fucking wool*."

Clutching the white rectangle around her shoulders to cover her

upper body tighter a blush was solidly set on her face. Satsuki had assured her multiple times that this whole thing was serious, but it was still uncomfortable. Even after everything that happened, *especially after everything that happened*, she had a very complicated mess of feelings toward sitting around showing skin. Especially when it involved sitting next to *Nee-san*. She knew all too well what kind of looks she got from people after finishing high-school and coming back.

It wasn't her fault that she'd grown so used to miniskirts, an adrenaline high mixed with a deep comfort that came from fighting practically naked for half a year, and a deep *discomfort* that developed for a lot of clothes as the months went on since everything was settled in the bay for good.

All she could do was carefully cross her knees, hunch forward, and mentally berate herself like mad every time her thoughts drifted *inappropriately south*. It didn't help that she generally disliked being in the labs already. They smelled of disinfectant and stale air constantly. Its multitude of blank white surfaces annoyingly uniform when lit up and reminiscent of far too many fictional places where *strange beings like her* would be taken for dissection, biopsy, or *autopsy*.

“Absolutely not, we need to catalog further. None of this work even has corresponding names. It's completely foreign and we can't make head or tails of how in the world it was done!”

“Calm down Iori. What he means is we need to record as much of this as humanly possible. We can't tell where the seams physically start and end, just where they should be. Also that towel's made from one-hundred percent cotton for your information.”

“*Really?* Look I was told a good seam, *was when you can't tell its there.* That's what I had to practice *over and over*. He was kinda anal about it actually...”

“For clarification's sake exactly who taught you how to sew like this?”

“She confirmed that our father did, which confirms our suspicions. This is why I dragged everybody present to here in the middle of the night on such short notice.”

“The world's foremost researcher of Life Fibers taught you how to sew, and you *never* thought to bring this up? *Ever*. Really!?”

“*Yes?* Is there some *amazing Life Fiber secret* in my shitty button down blouse? Next you're going to tell me my bra holds the secret to the true nature of aglets. *Haha*, maybe my socks are magically impervious to losing their way in the wash!”

Readjusting his glasses Inumuta picked up a tablet and opened

pages worth of readings coming in to glance it over for input errors. 3D scan information compiling as they worked.

"Actually yes. Most of this as you call it *shitty* work very strongly resembles the most complicated sections of Junketsu. Even while rebuilding *It*, we could not discern how to repair its core pieces. At the time that worked out for us as the banshi being separated slightly weakened its ability to manifest itself as an intelligence."

"*Oh. Say what?*"

"We strongly hypothesized your father must have taught you something that he knew on how to sew life fibers at some point in time."

"Why?"

"He originated several completely different, *but connected*, plans for the take down of the OLF. It was entirely possible he imparted some of this information to you. Ensuring, if nothing else, you could come up with something in the event of failure. *Three dimensional* and *invisible* stitching techniques are *not* normal in the slightest."

"Imouto, you have a knowledge and skill potentially equal to that which built REVOCS. You learned directly from one of the best. *You're also evidently interested in the work*. Congratulations, you're no longer just the second majority shareholder. As CEO of the Kiryuin Conglomerate and subsidiary corporation I hereby appoint you to the position of Red Label Chief Executive officer."

"Whoa, WHOA, *WHAT!?* The fuck is a *red label!?*"

"*Did you even read the investor information packets?*"

"*Uhh*... maybe I skimmed them?"

Putting her head in her hands Satsuki sighed and got up. Pacing around she glanced over Inumuta's new notes, and directed the two men to hurry up their work while turning back to Ryuko with a condensed overview she could come up with on the spot.

"*Okay.* The central offices are in charge of the standard Blue Label, high quality everyday wear and apparel. Green label is for active wear, Sanageyama's students field test for them at his family's Dojo."

"What, couldn't stand him in a leadership position?"

Looking up from his tablet Inumuta interjected.

"From my position as the data chair, Sanageyama appeared fine at

managing sports teams. Until he went off to fight whoever looked at him funny. *Which happened daily*. Then we had to cover for him. He rather unfortunately also has the creative talent of a cubical worker, and design taste of a child that grew up with too many cartoons. Do you have *any* idea how hard it was to make those belt spikes not maim him?"

Iori shuddered remembering the results of their first *test fitting* and explained further from where he was typing away on a keyboard.

"He tried to submit his resume in crayon. Along with an *Original interpretation of Super-Vegeta-action-wear*. Suffice to say Lady Satsuki gently turned him down. I also didn't see a direct place for him within the office ranks. He remains *ready and able to serve* at this time."

"*Moving on*. Iori took charge of the formal wear Black Label, and high end executive *Signature Black Label*. We needed to find someone to head up the intimates apparel and designer lingerie line. Which is where *you* come in."

"You want *Me* makin racy and romantic shit? I know I kinda look it, but *I'm not exactly a striking example of pure femininity over here*."

"You are perfect for the job. Able to design perfectly seamless build structures, unmatched durability in everything you make, and possess a quite frankly otherworldly ability to *feel* fabrics. You also have a walk in closet of originals and two dressers *full to bursting* with hundreds of different styles of delicates. All of it made yourself, *by hand no less*, without any design documentation that I could find at a glance."

"Find? *What do you mean find*?"

"It's also to my understanding all machine washable. We suspected you made it yourself, and you have so far confirmed it."

"*Uh*... maybe."

"You have never used the joint account charge card in a clothing store aside from hanging out with Mako. Now I won't judge your *bodily habits*, however it does explain why you would purchase two dozen picture heavy soft-core gentleman's magazines even *with* access to high speed internet-"

"YEAH! *ha ha... Uh, ha... ha*. We can, *um*, talk about that in private, *yeah?* SO. What would this job entail? I'm not a corporate type don't expect me to start loving, *or filing*, paperwork."

"You will have managers for that. So long as the *real* work gets done on time you make your own hours, you head up the department, and have final say over internally produced production designs.

You also have exclusive rights over what gets the *Signature Red Label*. Your own handiwork. That does mean however that at some point you will be taking commissioned sales for one off pieces, and or sets, but aside from runways that will be a fair bit later."

"...*One woman gang, school breaker, demigod, to... fashion designer?* Kinda all over the fucking place on that career path."

"Delinquent is not much of a career choice Imouto. Poor compensation, no sick days, *horrible retirement packages-*"

"*Riiight. Smartass*... One condition Eyebrows."

"Name it."

"I wear what I want. *End of discussion.*"

"An *unorthodox* request, but for you *anything*. Granted. Houka, if you would please update the reports for next week. Also cancel the internal talent review."

"Will do Lady Satsuki, *Lady Ryuko*."

"*Eh?*"

"And Ryuko, we will need five designs for the runway mock-ups. Roughly three months at the latest."

"*Oh, uh* okay. Sounds easy enough."

"You're also still required to come to the quarterly board meetings. You won't have to deliver reports if you don't want to, but shareholders will still want proof that you exist."

"...*Damn it*."

Chapter End Notes

Story came to be after thinking "well Eyebrows can get a costume from Iori basically whenever."

But how would Ryuko get one? Well for a long time she was a self sufficient sort, so maybe she made it. But then who would teach her how to sew? No way Isshin would drop the ball on such an interest if it was early on.

And from what we know of the Goku uniforms, life fiber sewing techniques allow for some very interesting designs.

Rewritten for clearer dialog/scenes.

Be Afraid

Chapter Summary

NOTICE: All standard personnel have Oct. 31st off, Enjoy your weekend responsibly.

All security personnel are required to report in for drills.

Chapter Notes

Posted: 10/31/15
Rewritten: 02/18/18

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Nonon noticed something was off as she pulled into the corporate garage and found the building in a fake lock-down. Swarm of guards in full kit tried to warn her against entering the *combat zone*, that she found annoying and just argued out of her way toward the elevators. While waiting for the second elevator to take her up the second half of the building though she had found herself in a makeshift field HQ, *under siege*.

Unconscious bodies being dragged in passed barricades made of desks under flashing lights, constant terrified yells over radio about sightings and *losses*, and Uzu swearing up a storm trying to martial the black uniformed army to hold back a *monster* with just tasers, stun grenades, and batons. Flashbacks to *The War* powered her run out of the elevator on the top floor to the CEO's office.

"*SATSUKI!!* Lady Satsuki! What in the name of fu- *fudge* did you do!?"

Bursting into the room she found Kiryuin safe standing in her office, and Houka sitting at a folding table in front of them littered with equipment to let him keep tabs on everything going on in the building. His laptop screen flashing between CCTV cameras as they were systematically overrun and went dark.

"Calm down Nonon, we are simply stress testing building security."

Having seen the *damage*, and split second images of a dark form surrounded by Life Fibers, she had figured out what was going on.

“Lady Satsuki. You unleashed *Her*, on Halloween. *On regular people!?*”

“Security must be ready for *anything*, they are ex-nudists trained for Life fiber combat, and are also being bolstered by Sanageyama's best trained fighters. *What does the date have to do with anything*?”

“As far as I know she was planing on scaring the hell out of people today at some kinda festival, *and never showed up.*”

“That could explain why she brought some boxes... But why would it matter-”

In a burst of static Houka reeled from his headset. Volume adjusted accordingly he received a proper message to respond to.

“Copy. We've lost contact with checkpoints four and twelve through *forty*... Sanageyama come in, what are your people doing!? Over.”

Leaning in to watch his screen they heard the man yelling back as all hell broke loose around him.

“*We are doing our best damn it! Fuck the rules we need ALF weapons for this shit NOW! I've got people tied to fucking booby-traps thrown down stairwells DOG!, wait- What was that? WHAT WAS THAT!?*”

“Sanageyama rally all surviving forces and pull back to sections two and three-”

“*PULL BACK, PULL BACK. LEAVE HIM YAMA-*”

“Uzu? Uzu!? Come in, over!”

Panic and screams came back with static.

“*MY LEG, SHE'S GOT MY LE-*”

“*THERE IS STRING COMING OUT OF THE WALLS!*”

“*AHH, SIR KEEP GOING!*”

“*OH GOD ITS EVERYWHERE!*”

Which quickly turned into a sudden and complete radio silence. In an attempt to reestablish communications Houka went into a flurry of typing, leaving the two women behind him to just continue watching live feeds of people being overrun by a blisteringly fast lone attacker dressed in a costume.

“*Jesus*, Satsuki what the fly- No *WHAT THE FUCK* did you tell her to do!? *She's literally gone PREDATOR on this shit!*”

“I simply told her to capture us up here with any means at her disposal, but not to do anything permanently damaging to anyone or anything-”

The building noticeably swayed beneath their feet as a large noise vibrated through the walls. Readjusting his glasses while making sure nothing fell off his table Houka tabbed over some numbers to deduce what just happened.

“I do believe that was the earthquake dampening system being tied down...”

On a screen that flicked as it was forced to switch from wall power to a portable uninterrupted power supply under the table, and the office ceiling lights all went dark after another building wide shudder.

“And main power. We've lost tracking Lady Satsuki.”

Even with the new obstacles he managed to get another burst of contact on radio at least.

“Uzu! Whats your sit-rep? Over.”

“*...-CLO-...-DOO-*"

“Please repeat last message there was interference. Over.”

“*Close all the elevator doors! Shit- too late, GUYS BRACE YOURSELVE-*

With one last heavy impact slamming into him Uzu's radio gave one last burst of static before it dropped off the active list of devices, along with some two dozen other units. Before the whole network went dead. Sighing Houka took off his headset, closed his laptop, and pulled out a tranquilizer pistol to load.

“...And there goes our internal networks. May your sacrifice not be in vain Uzu. Well ma'am, *God save the queen.*”

Standing up he tightened the straps on his gloves, brushed lint from his pressed pants, and headed for the door to prepare an ambush behind its frame.

“We may have underestimated Ryuko's capabilities... Or at least willingness to use them when asked to.”

“Satsuki she took down the whole fucking *finale defense system*. What the fuck did you people expect! *Wait*, did you say capture *everyone* in this office?”

“Yes?”

A rustle overhead drew the trio's attention up to find the ceiling tiles subtly shifting around. Until one was pulled up above into darkness, allowing a single red Life Fiber line to shoot out of it to snare around the first person in reach. Houka shot up in the direction it came, but it successfully got hold of Nonon's waist and hauled her up into the ceiling as she yelled.

"Satsuki *THIS WAS A BAD IDEA-AAAaaaa..."*

"*Ha got you Eyeb- Oi, what the fuck are you doing here!?"*

"*OH SWEET JESUS YOU'RE ONE UGLY MOTHER FUCKER-"*

"*Ohhhh NO! NO, YOU DID NOT JUST FUCKING GO THERE YOU LITTLE SHIT!"*

"*It's a fucking line from the film you- Wait... Oh, right uh... W-WAIT!"*

While the remaining two couldn't see anything happening above, the sounds of impacts and snarling was telling.

"Lady Satsuki, In my professional recommendation a surrender before she seriously harms her is in order-"

"We make our stand here at all costs as the operation planning dictated."

"*WHEN THE FUCK DID YOU GET TENTACLES YOU OVERSTUFFED CORSET-MMMPPHH!!"*

"Ma'am I strongly ask you to *please reconsider*."

"Houka did... did she say *tentacles?*"

"I do believe so, yes."

"*Hahahah MUWAHAHAHA! Choke on it and be silent, BITCH! Hold up... Are you? YOU'RE GETTING OFF ON THIS YOU KINKY LITTLE SHIT!? BY THE FIBER I NEED A SHOWER!"*

"...Sound the alarm once. This Exercise is over. And lets move quickly, Nonon is in dire need of assistance I do believe."

"On it."

Chapter End Notes

It came to me. I'm sorry.

She's the 70th floor of corporate hell

Chapter Summary

> Quarterly boardroom meeting in room three today. Redirect notices for Executive to Red Department managerial office.

Chapter Notes

> Note: Played with an odd Format, mostly internal thoughts. If able please read both Chapters five and six side by side...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Come to the board meetings she says.
They just go over quarterly reports she says.
It will be fine she says.
You just have to stay awake she says.
There will be coffee she says.

Thank Fiber I'm not in a suit.

"-and the third quarter earnings exceeded the financial audits expectations of negative three point five percentage-"

When did I start thinking like that?

You have to show a little interest she says.
Its not so bad she says.
The furniture is top quality she says.
We can go out for a nice lunch afterwards she says.
She'll wear a skirt for once she says...

...well fucking damn sure she did.

"-projections indicate that the market is ready to receive our expansion into the supplies of-"

All fucking nine Fiber-damned inches of it.

You still have plenty of time to learn about your department she says.
Its a perfect fit she says.
Everyone else has to come too she says.

It hugs like a glove she says.
Its protocol she says.

Did it again. Fuck you too brain.

"-We have successfully secured retail space in all prime markets as well as several secondary-
"

Why the flying fuck did I make it 9 fucking inches long again?

She wants to wear what I make she says.
You're more than capable she says.
She wants it to be a part of positive management she says.
You can't sit listening to music she says.
You can't physically threaten violence such as defenestration of the investors she says.

Heh.

"-have also secured runway space in both Paris and New York to successively unveil seasonal launches-"

But no seriously Ryuko real-talk with me, you turned corporate dynamite into a carpet bombing.

Any color is fine she says.
Any style is fine she says.
Any accessories needed she says.
Any kind of shoes she says.
Any kind of socks she says.

So you went and dolled her up in four an' a half inch heeled-boots, white nylons, suit a shade of gray that matches her eyes in the setting sun.

"-there was also talk of regulatory authorization to enforce the diversification of global apparel markets-"

Silver bar earrings and necklace that works with the collar to flatter the jaw, mascara further drawing attention away from "oh so very close to an inappropriate amount of cleavage".

A layered outfit that thin is fine for the autumn breeze she says.
She wants the works she says.
The fanciest Lingerie being so comfortable is testament to its surprising everyday utility she says.
Measurements must be taken for the best fit she says.
The light touch of tape and thimble is fine she says.

Garter and straps to flatter her glorious rear, belt that's just loose enough to not indent, a thong that goes just high enough to frame the beauty of both sides.

"-resources reported an increase of fourteen percent in productivity meaning we will meet expected projections of the opening sea-"

Crimson ornate bra, clasp affixed in front, a trivial distance under the top button on a snow white silk blouse, framework designed to keep its luscious contents from shifting uncomfortably in any condition.

You might come up with some ideas she says.
You bring a unique way of thinking to the board room she says.
You never should insult the investors she says.
You have to keep your hands on top of the table she says.
You don't have to avert your eyes she says.

One-button long-sleeve midriff-short jacket, amplifying the hourglass torso between the large belt of black with square silver buckle and stunning silver epaulets.

"-Into the next calendar year we will be finally opening the flagship store nearby in the heart of the Tokyo shopping scene-"

Legs crossed, sitting proud and straight at the head of the long conference table, shoulders square popping twins gloriously forward at slouched eye level...

There will be slides at the end of the room projected she says.
Inumuta technologies handles the presentations she says.
Home is warm nowadays she says.
Jakuzure distribution handles the logistics she says.
Please don't destroy the table she says.

By the Fiber stop thinking about tits! I mean it's not like her's are better than yours...

"-further forward projections are lacking as hypothetical data is difficult to determine due to the unusual situation currently present in-"

Did it again. Should probably lobotomize yourself if you keep doing that.

Investing for long, Long term payout is important for you she says.
The paperwork is ready for you to be set for an incalculably long prosperous life she says.
All you have to do is sign the forms she says.
We unfortunately won't be around forever and you will have to learn the business by then she says.
Please don't dwell too much on it she says.

I don't want more wealth than the Fiber, or your job you fucking gorgeous fool.

"-this concludes the first report. Following a two hour break for lunch we will reconvene for the second-"

I want you, and I don't know if I can have you.

If I should have you, If I could just ask you...

Chapter End Notes

See note at end of six.

Desire for the hands of a goddess

Chapter Summary

> Quarterly boardroom meeting in room three today. Redirect calls to line two and internal inquiries to line five.

Chapter Notes

> Note: Played with an odd Format, mostly internal thoughts. If able please read both Chapters five and six side by side. Yes I'm serious.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Just relax she said.
Iv'e, *uh*, prepared some different kinds a designs she said.
Had to borrow a tape measure from Iori she said.
Just usually never need to know other measures she said.
Don't need a pen I'll remember it all she said.

In retrospect asking the Chief designer of Red Label, intimates, to partake in the company wide *Equality in upper management apparel* scheme that ensures the highest position is completely aware of the different Labels offerings was a highly unusual move.

"-but the negative earnings are still a source of concern among you all, we reiterate these numbers will turn around once production officially starts-"

Green label does not participate, why make the Red label submit of all things a full business outfit.

You're gonna hafta, *um*, strip some she said.
Can't take good measures on-top of clothes she said.
We can stop if you're uncomfortable she said.
I warmed the tape up some so its not cold she said.
You're sure you wanna wear *"That"* to a meeting? she said.

Was it because the only way the department could viably produce anything resembling a suit was for it to be a Signature Red Label?

"-higher quality and high end apparel in the complete absence of viable substitutes-"

A business *suit* designed not for utility or class. But for impact. *Passion*.

This is kinda fun she said.
The couple'a models ye got are too boring she said.
Oh, don't tell em I said that she said.
Don't worry about tellin me the numbers I can't see she said.
I remember what I *uh*, feel, she said.

Was it a temporary measure then, with foreign investors coming to the meeting expecting exceptional results from exceptional people?

"-markets outside of the usual ones, but focus groups tested well and should make for successful, albeit smaller, releases-"

Or was it a selfish reason? A personal reason.

You know I don't think I ever made a suit 'fore she said.
I'm apologizing now if it comes out like crap she said.
I know it's pretty odd she said.
But it'll *uh*, well, *suit you*. she said.
Please don't be mad she said.

To have her hands trace paths along your curves, to have those hands wipe away the insect's paths. The Monster's

"-that will take place in the early spring then in the autumn. We will showcase appropriate attire for the-"

Even behind excessive thimbles and the purpose at hand, fingers staying just a second too long here, gripping with the mysterious magnetic warmth of the Life Fibers two seconds too long there.

This color fine? she said
Is that too much? she said.
I know you don't wear it, but, *uh* you're gonna need these she said.
Silly question I know, but how good are you with heels? she said.
You're gonna need to wear these thigh-highs she said.

Maybe you really did just want the end result. That which is produced by the finest seamstress you know. An outfit to "*wow*" those foreign investors.

"-which means that ever capturing an exceedingly large market share would bring a host of problems, but our business model should avoid this-"

The first Ryuko Matoi Kiryuin labeled original. Every near invisible stitch filled with the same fiery flare that runs in her veins.

I'm gonna use materials that are a little light she said.
To make it work we are, *uh*, gonna need, *um*, to b-build a *uh*, a base layer she said.
I know it looks like a shitton of lace and I know you don't like the fancy stuff cause it don't last she said.

I'm *uh*, you're gonna need to take that, *um*, off she said.
You're still fine, yeah? she said.

No. The *suit* is not your usual style. A skirt, scandalously drawing attention to your rear let alone the veritable miles of leg, is far outside your comfort zone. Especially in the boardroom.

"-son limited production run. We might even have enough to bolster sales floor stock in the event of surprising demand-"

You can't even remember a time when you've ever worn something so obviously sexual to an official function in your entire life. Even under *IT's* wretched fingers.

Do I really have to go she said.
It's not like my inputs needed she said.
They're a bunch of fat cats anyway, not my kinda crowd she said.
Can I play a game at least? she said.
You're changing right now!?! she said.

You have to admit the military theme was not a complete surprise.

"-where we will have the central operations for the Signature Collections and the requite resources that will entail-"

The Blood red matching Lingerie with luminous silver thread accents was. Although considering the department a color coordination not made to blend and conceal underneath was to be expected.

People gonna be starin at us for any length of time? she said.
You gonna have to give one of those infamous speeches again? she said.
I'm sorry for throwing sewing shit all over the house she said.
So where do we get our shit from anyways? she said.
Fuckin figures the trolls involved somehow she said.

An outfit completely designed from skin up to flatter and flaunt your *assets*.

"-the markets that were completely wiped out in the unfortunate events leading up to last years-"

Every square inch carefully poked, prodded, and poured over. Scrupulous inspection by a furiously blushing red creator for any fault.

Why do I get a big paycheck anyway? not like I spend any of it she said.
What's all this? she said.
You already made a fucking will!? she said.
You have fucking loads of time still, we all do. Even the midget unfortunately. she said.
That's morbid as fuck eyebrows! she said.

She does not want *You* to leave her, to even think about it. Not one second. She wants *You. Maybe*.

"-meeting where we will present more detailed information purely regarding the lateral integration of other enterprises-"

You don't want to be separate either. You want to do things with her. Live with her. Feel with her. She did sign the paperwork, *but did she realize*?... Would it push her away if she knew of the selfish deception?

There is a spark of want in her. What will it take to kindle *Want* in that healing firebrand into *Need*... A *need* which corresponds with the papers she signed.

Chapter End Notes

This marks the end of what I've got for this one that was reasonable. Someday might iron out the plot.

For the 2-3 or so of you that actually wanted to read this: have a gift that did not come out very well, and got photographed worse...

http://i.imgur.com/fIW9zzE.jpg

The night before.
Painting with a sewing needle is not fun.
Thank you again for reading. Still open to criticisms.
Re-Edited.

Convenient Bloody Knuckles

Chapter Summary

> All Staff, New Policy Advisement: Please be aware that if you leave the building for any reason during normal hours please sign out at the front desk for record keeping purposes. Thank you.

Chapter Notes

> Posted: 11/05/15
> Rewritten: 02/19/18

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Fiber fucking damn it those things go ON for *fucking-fuck-fuckidy-fucking-fuck-*"

Relieved to be temporarily free of the boardroom, and stuck sitting in the same spot for hours as people droned *on* about the most *boring material on earth*, Ryuko slumped into Satsuki's office to take a seat on the woman's desk. While mumbling her frustrated grievances at being subjected to this torture.

"Ryuko."

Closing the door behind her Satsuki strolled forward with an understood admonishment for the uninterrupted swearing. Ducking her head Ryuko apologized in another halfhearted mumble.

"*Sorry*."

But a pair of boot toes came into view by her feet.

"Ryuko, look at me."

Freshly annoyed once again she spread her arms out of the desk and looked up to yell a direct apology to Satsuki's face.

"*Ughh*, SORR-*mmph!?*"

The woman was smiling at her though, and raised her hand to put a stilling finger to Ryuko's lips before she could go into a tirade.

"*Better*. I never promised you they would be entertaining Imouto. However, we have two hours and I did promise you a good lunch."

Lips released, and heat at such a touch subsiding, Ryuko watched her sister go around the desk to shuffle through a drawer.

"So, what fancy shtick you ordering today? That Mexican place a little ways over was pretty go- *where are you going*?"

One gray purse retrieved instead of taking out her phone as usual Satsuki slung the strap over her shoulder and started heading for the door. Smile given over the same shoulder with a head nod to direct Ryuko toward the same exit.

"I said a *good* lunch not a particularly *fast* lunch."

"So we're just gonna up and leave for two hours? *Straight and narrow Satsuki is playing hooky?*"

Stopping halfway Satsuki turned to look her in the eyes, and throatily hummed an affirmative to her surprise.

"*Mmmhmm*. Maybe I'm not so *straight* and *narrow* while under a *certain bad influence?*"

The sight and sounds were enough to leave Ryuko in a slack-jawed daze contemplating *what Nee-san actually meant by that*.

"They won't start without us either way, and being ten or twenty minutes late is *fashionable* somehow, *or so they say*. I found this quiet little place six blocks over you're going to like."

Which continued the more *fuel* Satsuki put onto the *fire.*

"Just going to sit on my desk and admire your handiwork or *are you coming now*?"

Her last statement drew out a blush and stammering she couldn't quite understand. Sighing she walked back over to take Ryuko's hand and pull her back onto her feet to guide her to the door.

"Come with me, *Imouto*."

.

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"*Uh*, no corporate car service for once?"

Given an elevator ride down to compose herself, *and her*

wretched thoughts, Ryuko was coherent as they left the front doors to the building and Satsuki directed her left down the sidewalk. She was also noticing the many heads of others making up the foot traffic wrenching around to watch them go by.

"Faster to walk. We can be late, but not *too* late."

"Well I just figured... I mean you're kinda wearin..."

"We fought to the near bloody end in living high heels on more than one occasion, *rest in piece*. I will be more than completely fine on a short stroll there and back. Or is someone nervous about their first officially labeled work hitting the street?"

With another smile Satsuki did a slow spin while they continued to walk, making Ryuko blush again as her eyes went up and down to see the fabric twist and settle with the form beneath. One that haunted her dreams with guilt that lingered every morning. When they came to a light to wait though Satsuki's smile fell with second thoughts on her question.

"Then again... *now that I think about it if your potential work hits the streets...*"

Given the nature of the woman's work *if* said work were to literally be brought out, as the common saying went, it would mean women out in the street in just lingerie. Sharing a look she found she wasn't the only one probably thinking that as Ryuko's face lit up in another blush.

"Please give me your hand, we have a reservation and you're slowing down again."

Noting the light to cross had changed Satsuki gathered herself to keep things on schedule even if certain *things* in motion were going *too well.*

.

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"Something wrong with the jacket button? *Your eyes have not gone up for some twenty minutes.*"

Swirling a nearly empty glass of wine she looked across the small table to playfully point out an intriguing phenomenon. Which sent Ryuko into a coughing spree into her arm to muffle it while attempting to deny staring.

"*HURK- nooooo- ow-* Nope-... No, its fine... you're fine... *B-Better-than-fine...*"

"*Mmm*. I had a hunch during the meeting when your eyes kept wandering left, but I think that confirms it."

"*Uh*! Wha- w-what *uh*, would that be?"

"Art was made to be shown as designed. *Just have to undo one button and...*"

Setting glass down she slowly took hold of the short jacket and undid its frontal button to reveal her blouse. Its white fabric thin enough to allow the vibrant red beneath, patterned with silver curving lines to form flower petals, to be fully visible even with a glance in poor lighting.

"*There*. Every single detailed line on the bra was put there for a reason. Hiding a design that must have taken hours to emboss on lace with silver thread does the work no justice."

Which turned Ryuko from a coughing mess into a blushing mess.

"I *uh, uhh...*"

"*Relax*, I agreed before hand to wear your finest work with pride. It would be a shame to not display it as *intended*."

"*Uh*... yeah. So w-when did you, I guess, *you know*..."

"Admittedly it took a while to figure out. How I overlooked an almost sheer blouse for its purpose is my failing as head of a clothing company. So, in its true glory does it match your expectations? Out of the corner of my eye I can already tell public reception has just gone up noticeably. Might just have to save this one for special occasions, or *maybe a runway walk to display the full base layer in its shiny glory*... Ryuko?"

Shifting uncomfortably the younger woman was struggling with herself internally. Focus being pushed to keep her Fibers from lighting up in the middle of the restaurant. Recognizing the internal conflict between her *wants* and *reservations* Satsuki kept pushing. Plan to continue feeding that fire within.

"*Ryuuukoo~.* Please close your mouth when you chew, *for me?*"

"I'll.... I'll be *riiight* b-back."

Lunch finished Ryuko pushed back her chair to get up. She needed to get away before she lost control of herself and did something she would regret. Satsuki's smile and quiet words before she left for a bathroom not helping.

"Don't keep me waiting long, we have a walk back to make soon."

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Washing her hands Ryuko splashed her face with cold water and slapped her cheeks. Her face finally no longer hot looking back from the mirror over the row of sinks.

Holy shit, breath.

Definitely bombing some carpet...

Shit is a fucking health hazard, might have to burn it.

Too late for that, already debuted.

And that was just the first one. This is a company policy? How many more suits a year? AND she threatened to model just the-

Pull it together! There's no way it's on purpose. She's just being open with the weight off her back. She went through hell already. You don't have a chance...

Just gotta get through this, survive till we get home.

Until she starts changing- NO! No. Forget about her tits.

Fucking Life fiber libido. Can't go five fucking minutes without- fuck.

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The table had been cleared of the empty plates they had left, and Satsuki was missing when she got back. Going to the front of the restaurant she approached a man standing by his station to welcome diners coming in and getting them tables.

"Oi! Waiter guy!"

"Can I help you Miss..."

"Busty bombshell, bout yey high, in stripper heels. Outside?"

"...Lady Kiryuin I presume. Yes, I was instructed to inform someone she is around the corn-"

Before he could finish she was already at the door.

"Thanks! *Cya!*"

And gone, leaving him to finish his thought and lament the course the youth were taking.

"...*ner*. Honestly."

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Through lunch Houka was tearing his hair out trying to keep the ship afloat. There were things that needed to be done, as laid out in advance, and a certain someone very important to those proceedings was not in her office. Going through files on his laptop, that needed to be printed and ready, he was forced to have his phone braced on his shoulder to try and make sense of what had happened.

"What do you mean *MISSING!?* Security scan the building again. There is no way we can just *lose* the CEO. Someone check the roof, the basement sub levels... Hello, front desk? Did Lady Satsuki walk past at some point?"

"*No?* It can't be no-"

"Ryuko was seen? *Leaving?*"

"With who!?"

"No, that was not a runway model, *THAT* was your Boss!"

Hitting print by smashing his enter key he was finally free to switch to a full investigation. Switching shoulders for the phone he got into security footage to confirm the front desk attendant's words and groaned. It was great and all that Satsuki could step out to do things together with her *date.* But he wished they wouldn't when there were *a dozen very wealthy individuals pining to talk to her.*

Checking the internal supply delivery schedule he sent out a couple emails, and cleared all midday time slots on one of the building's two cargo lift elevators that ran the length of the tower.

"When they come back get them on express delivery elevator two-"

"Yes they will be completely fine with it-"

"Yes personnel are still not allowed on it, I know, the Kiryuins

are... *more resilient* than most.” *Please be fine, please be fine, please be fine...*

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File full of papers stapled together in hand Houka was grimacing at the two women standing before him in the CEO's office, that had been forced to renter the building via a side entrance to prevent making a scene. One fidgeting constantly as the older went around her, upset with the state of her. Jeans and shirt had been hit multiple times with bullets, leaving holes and small red stains over skin that had long since repaired itself from wounds inflicted before reinforcing to be impervious.

“Lady Satsuki...”

“You can handle the police filings, I trust you on this. It will be fine Inumuta, we still have twenty minutes to the second meeting. This is a clothing company I'm sure we have *SOMETHING* around.”

“*Damn street thugs*... when the fuck did they get so *uppity*, or armed with fucking automatics! You know how long its gonna take to fix this!? *Never mind the stains...*”

“Ryuko the bigger issue is why on Earth would you throw yourself into gunfire-”

“Maybe because *SOMEONE* could, you know, *DIE!?*”

“I never said I was not grateful Imouto. *But you still feel pain, right*? They were thieves, we could have waited for the police.”

As they bickered he tucked the file under his arm to pull out his phone. Double checking information he was unfortunately aware of, yet as he checked the various departments an opportunity presented itself.

Risky as it may be, he discarded a plan to send someone out to quickly go shopping and cleared his throat to get their attention.

“I'd hate to interrupt, but we don't actually have anything on hand. Most every sample is out for review or in pieces at this time. *Hmm*. If we expand search to include what has not been reviewed yet, and the scope of origin, there is *one item* on catalog that should do the job-”

Which made Ryuko panic.

“NO! *I will absolutely not!*”

“You *did* submit the design for review, and this could technically be considered an opportunity to *review it in person*. You're the tailor, just alter the fitting?”

And as expected it drew Satsuki's curiosity to look over his shoulder at the data entry describing an item found.

“*Oh*? You made something new? *A dress?*”

“*Yes*, you wanted runway stuff... So I made a *show starter* alongside yer suit. It's *really* not appropriate for any kind of meeting-"

“Is it covered in your blood?”

“*No*, but-”

“Can you make it fit?”

“Well... it... *probably yes*, but we had a deal Eyebrows-”

“Then wear it. If its not lingerie and is an actual gown then it can't be so bad considering how nice *this* outfit is, *if a little short in places*. And you are *not* going in as you are.”

Blushing once again today Ryuko looked down at her shirt with a frown. It really was a dress, but it was not meant to actually function as any kind of substantial clothing.

But there was a small burning in the back of her mind that threatened to set her adrenaline, and loins, going. She had an honest *excuse*, and direct *orders* to wear it. Biting her lip she she shook her head, but started for the door.

“*Oh boy*... I'm goin, but don't say I didn't try to warn you...”

“Twenty minutes *Executive officer*, clean up and be ready. Lady Satsuki there are some forms you need to double check for the meeting before we circulate them.”

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With everything set up and ready to go Houka was forced to stall for time by stretching out pleasantries with the assembled, because *someone* was missing from her chair around the corner from

Satsuki. Who sat with her arms crossed, trying to figure hat the hold up was.

Already a minute late. She is capable enough what could possibly take so much time to- Oh.

Until an assistant opened the door to the conference room and let *The Red Label Executive* in.

"Sorry! We *uh*, I h-had a wardrobe problem during lunch and had to grab s-something from the department..."

Oh my word-

Hearing the thump of high heels on carpet she turned to find Ryuko walking in, crossing behind her chair, and carefully getting into her seat in a dress that Satsuki could only describe as *making Ragyo look modest.* Garnering the room's undivided attention the younger Kiryuin was pressed for a clarification on her job.

"...Y-Yes I'm executive of Red... Yes t-that's normally going to b-be lingerie...w-we good?"

Seeing her visibly distressed Iori attempted to get up out of his own seat halfway down the opposite end of the table while going for his jacket button.

"Ma'am I can sympathize with such a plight of last second misfortunes, and offer my jacket if-"

"No. No I-Iori I'll be fine, I don't need your coat, it's not that cold. Sorry again for being late. Can we start? *Please*?

Looking to Satsuki she was desperate for something to take the attention off, herself wishing for the same she was obliged.

"Proceed, Inumuta."

Coughing into his fist he readied his tablet, lowered the lights, and turned a projector in the ceiling on to start.

"Welcome back ladies and gentleman, the purpose of this half of the meeting will be to explain how we will integrate the services of other enterprises under the Conglomerate umbrella-"

Having already gone through the information packets provided to everyone that would be present Satsuki tuned him out, and turned her full surreptitious attention to Ryuko.

No back, no front to speak of, sides open sooo far up her legs... Shines like Latex? Platform heels, shoulder gloves. No feasible way to fit undergarments... That shirt was doing her a disservice... That's not so much a gown. That's borderline fetish-

wear. Focus. Calm.

"-Shipping has been sourcing the supply of all our premium materials. We apologize that She couldn't be here today in person-"

Is that her... What was the thermostat set for again? Twenty degrees? Or was it eighteen for conference rooms. There's no way she would make an unlined synthetic material dress THAT thin...

Nope, heaven help me she did.

"-we sourced industrial production equipment that, while ours, had been in France. And had them relocated locally to kick-start-"

Focus. Focus. Calm. Her legs are shifting quite a bit. Couldn't be, could it? In a room full of strangers, wrapped in nothing more than a candy-wrapper, what did Mrs. Mankanshoku warn me? She has, what was it...

Exhibitionist tendencies.

"-yes any and all necessary repairs can be made by a non-directly affiliated company, the Gamagori steelworks-"

So she developed a fetish, make a mental note of that might be useful, and very unfortunately public reliant... Going to have to curb that before she-

Oh Imouto, please don't...

"-yes Lady Ryuko? Is there a problem?"

"NO! no*hah~*, I mean... no j-just... re-adjusting the seat. C-Continue, please."

It's for the best that there are less investors interested for this meeting and they are all grouped down the table. Fabric seats can be cleaned. Direction of air circulation will take the scent out into the ducts-

Watching Ryuko squirm was bad. Realizing the intake ducts for the room's connection to climate control was at the top of the wall directly behind her, forcing all air that would be coming through the room passed her, made her realize just how difficult keeping up appearances was going to be.

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When the second half of the presentation was over Ryuko was excused to leave with a directive both women knew was fake, but her younger beamed at all the same before acting like a depressed slave being sent to the mines. Mumbling and swearing back in a dialog that had just become associated with the woman's presence, and lack of care to sanitize her thoughts.

An image Satsuki tolerated because it both sparked the public's imagination, and was cementing Ryuko as yet another *force of nature* not to be talked down to *like it turned out every Kiryuin somehow was*.

But the whole affair had taken an unexpected turn that she could not rationalize no matter how long she thought about it. Alone with the man responsible for guiding events in her office at the end of the day. Having fallen into a silence with everything that needed to be reviewed finished she closed her briefcase and set it aside.

"Houka."

Seeing the gleam in her eyes like a lion ready to pounce he took another look at his tablet and gulped. He knew what was coming.

"I must say offhand I feel that meeting went well, we got some good feedback and engagement. Displaying some of the companies finest certainly helped gain some momentum and prove we will produce quality-"

"*Houka*."

"...Yes?"

"Did you see *it* before the meeting?"

"No, I just read the catalog entry in the materials database. *Evening gown, one, Black, SRLabel, Runway*. Was it a problem? We could establish a wardrobe and have it stocked for future I guess, eventualities?"

"We didn't have a choice today. But it's *very* convenient that all other current stock, *from our larger divisions*, is off premises at this time, *No?*"

It was a legitimate question, which legitimately just happened by chance, but he knew what she was getting at. And attempted to deny to the best of his ability.

"I'm not sure I follow, Ma'am."

"*How long*?"

To zero success. She'd known him too long, taught him a fair portion of what he knew in verbal bouts off electronic screens. Facing the potential wrath of one former *dictator* he saved his work, shut the tablet down, and double checked for any potential eavesdroppers both machine or otherwise before folding his hands and confessing.

"*Collectively* we have had *suspicions* since first contact at Honnouji. You have always displayed some form of elevated interest in her *ongoings* ever since that day. *Honestly, sometimes bordering the obsessive...* Finding the civil filing recently was the final *real* proof to tell intentions from your end though."

"You... How?"

"I help manage anything going in and out of this building ma'am. And I have a vested interest in constantly checking legal records filed with the state to ensure we are not being attacked as an organization."

"Then I've grown sloppy."

"On some forms you just can't hide a name ma'am. As an aside I can only assume you went to *an awful lot* of work to get that legal paperwork without my help."

"From experience you should know just how tricky it could be..."

"Quite."

"I trust this will not be a problem *Data Management executive Inumuta?* For all our sakes."

"No Lady Satsuki. The *object of your affections* has not made a point to repulse the very gradual advances visible to us on your part. So who are we to judge, but we can only guess what she wants deep down... Which could change things admittedly. *Not* that I would assume you to do such if her position on the matter was negative. Would you accept our assistance to find out?"

"To force her hand into undesired relations would make me no different than the Monster. *I know that more than anyone*... But as to help, *No*. I already know some of what she wants and will do this myself. I cannot in good conscious build intimate relations on the backs of others. That form was a singular calculated move to cover my basis in case drastic action became necessary."

"Surely there is an easier way? Traditional dating maybe? Well if you could call such a thing *traditional*. I won't claim experience, but seeking forgiveness instead of permission if she finds out is not exactly a strong basis for a mar-"

"Enough! I will not be deterred from my methods, *nor lose her to another... I just a few more pushes...*"

"Know that while we have tried to support you we advise caution moving forward, aside from Jakuzure anyways. She's more a fan of... *direct action*. But- Ryuko has proven to be *unpredictable*. She also likely won't stop if you push too far in either direction of desire. You are still just *human*, and humans can break no matter how much resolve you have. Nonon's dislocated jaw alone is testament to that."

"Let the record show Kiryuin Satsuki *does not know fear*, Inumuta. No potential cost in my blood is too high for my ultimate ambitions. *You know this.*"

"*As you wish*, Lady Satsuki."

Chapter End Notes

So I might have underestimated interest, by a lot. More to come.

A push, A nudge, A liquid shove.

Chapter Summary

When you want a job done right, do it yourself.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Was the office last week not enough of an incident, Nee-san? Do I *reallllyyyy* need to be there? In...*this*?"

"Nonsense, your work was wonderful and stole the rooms attention. The only problem is that you *really* might want to dampen that sex drive."

"....."

"It's an industry banquet, if we want to not be shunned from that *rich high society* we temporarily need, *we must go*. Also the restaurant is formal only and you somehow in that massive collection don't have anything else remotely adequate."

"... Iori could have made something?"

"Not in the time frame. You still need to teach him how you work so I hear."

"I've fucking tried! He keeps stabbing his fingers and bleeding like hell on everything. I told him you need two needles and full covered hands. But *Nooooo* mister *That's preposterous you don't need ten thimbles if you're accurate* keeps fucking it up."

"I'll talk to him about it then."

“You could have at least let me add some panels to close this up some, *maybe*?”

“Have some artistic integrity Ryuko, you made it. *And you fill it out exceptionally~*."

"This is *overfilled* Sats, by a fucking lot. The fronts supposed to drape from the sides an show off a very flashy bra. Had to undue a shit ton of stitches to get as much material as possible, and its still too... *open*. The original model was suppose to be someone like Sasaki, shes a rail that's like a B in a generous push-up. Without Fibers this shit would be a walking wardrobe malfunction."

"*Fibers*? Ryuko, *please* don't tell me you're harvesting yourself for raw materials..."

"NO, no, *nooo.... wellnotforthis*...Um skin. We watched Spiderman, yeah?"

“Unfortunately.”

“*right*...Its like that, kinda. Little fiber loops sent out into the fabric to anchor certain, *sensitive*, places. Stops, um, rubbing."

“Considering the nature of your nervous system does that mean the material surface on the breasts is actually an extension of your nip-"

"WHAT... the shit are you, *uh*, wearing?"

"A simple dress? Is there a problem?"

"Well you're wearing skirts regularly for the first time since... *school*, and *that* plus flats is what you're taking to a "formal gathering"? *HA!* What, is it prom or some shit?"

"Well I figured that in my best seamstress's professional opinion I look better in them, *who am I to disagree with artists desires? hmm~*"

“.....”

"Iori got it for me out of storage. So Ryuko Kiryuin, would you accompany me to this *shitty-boring-formal-gathering-for-snobs~*? Preferably before we need to clean the hardwood flooring..."

"IT'S NOT MY FAULT! It was SUPPOSED to be an extra to feature a launch set, NOT be worn out to functions on it's own where intentionally flashing is *wayyyy* unacceptable. ESPECIALLY BY ME!"

"Did I not show you the modern wonder that is the c-string?"

"THAT SHIT WAS SO UNCOMFORTABLE-"

"It was just a suggestion, *suit yourself*. I already told you if that's what you really want, *even if you won't admit it*, you can continue as you wish Imouto. We have privacy at home and I can be *accommodating* just so long as you manage to behave yourself in public."

"....."

"Before we go however *I DO* have issue with your accessorizing. Must you carry the literal one object on Earth that can probably kill you, pointed down over your heart like that?"

"It's on a life fiber string, its made of Fibers, and I already have *It* on orders to never cut me as weird as that sounds. Its fine. Can't be taken from me in any way, by anyone else, without sawing my neck off. We've been over this. I'm not leavin them anywhere else. Took fucking forever to fish them out of the fucking bay..."

"*Hmm~ Thus the Goddess of Cloth doth decree, the swords that hath slain The Beasts would nevermore Rend immortal flesh, from immortal flesh. Such decree hath been final across all the land, and it twas good. And there hath been rejoicing among thine people~*."

"....J-just s-shutup and find out if the rides here, *jeez* Eyebrows..."

"*Mmmhmm~*."

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.
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"Oh? what brings you out so soon Jakuzure? Jaw feeling better?"

"Can it fuckface. I have shit to do, and little time to do it."

"What could be so important that the snake's fangs are already about? And I'm pretty sure you might not want to be throwing that particular insult around."

"*Fuck. Off. Dog.* It's been a bit since her *ultimatum*, and no damn progress whatsoever. She can lead an army, but hot damn does she need help in the seduction department. And none of you fucks are game to continue *helping* so I'm doing shit my way."

"Our Lady explicitly stated-"

"Red is a sexually frustrated animal being strung along, our lady no matter how strong, won't survive that kind of built up release a few months *if not years* down the line... So I'm taking shit into my own hands. Personal consequences be damned, this is for both their own good."

"I heard you rather enjoyed the experience though? You did write a stirring rendition online resembling it. Not many people could write tentacle smut from first hand experience- *Is that a container of what I think it is*?"

"Tell ANYONE about either, and I dump acid on your stupid coin-mining rigs."

"I can't stand by idly while you do such a thing to Lady Sat-"

"And activate the dead man bombs on ALL of your drives."

"You know they will realize it eventuall-"

"Even the one buried in the conglomerate server-room."

"...I disavow all knowledge of this."

"Good. You just run along little dog. *Let the grown ups play the fun game*..."

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“Yes, table for two under Kiryuin.”
“Oh! Hello, yes we were glad to come...”

“...Still selling well in the states?...”
“...How have...”

.
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“Can we go home yet? Or *literally anywhere else*.”

“Is my company that unwanted dear? *I'm hurt~*.”

“NO! I *um*, enjoy... your...*you're fine*. A more private- It's just all these-”
...dear?

“May I point out that if you try to hide any lower in that chair your upper rear will be *very much exposed* on the back. Unless of course that is your goal? I wouldn't recommend such a thing Ryuko.”

“*...SHI-*”

“Much... *better*... Sitting so very straight up for once. I must say not slouching is doing you wonders. Also any efforts to remain discrete won't help you now. I suppose you should just embrace it.”

“...So. Many. Eyes...”

“Affluent people are typically still people, or at least structurally human, which have operational ocular organs yes. *Do try and ignore them*.”

“Did we need a table *in the middle of the fuckin room*?”

“We are on the higher profile end of the guest list, that is not in my control. You can shut out their prying eye's, not too difficult to manage from where I'm sitting.”

“*.....uhh...*”

“Also I did say behave, dear.”

“It's not like I'm doing anything...*it's not MY fault...*”
“...what? Thanks...”
“More free wine?”

“*Complementary wine*. Two beautiful women, sitting in the middle of a room, sans-male presence attracts such things.”

“*...we're being “remotely” hit on!?*”

“*Hmm~* No I'm joking, honestly we are being buttered up to contribute more revenue as investment into other enterprises. We're being seen as easy targets, sudden wealth sort of situation. Probably. Well that's what *normally* happens at such gatherings.”

“You, *um*, normally get propositioned for money like a suit walking past hobos? How is this different?”

“Normally I'm unapproachable and not sitting at a table with someone that makes the models regularly jealous of being too plain.”

“*...notlikeimtheonlyone...*”

“You have no idea how difficult it is to deal with the volumes of internal and *external* mail asking about a rumor that you're doing a walk for launch.”

“FUCK NO-”

“*shhhhh* too loud. *Be-Ha-Ve*, this is not your favorite noodle hole in the wall that will be the death of me someday. Nor your Die Hard marathon, *still not sure how they made more than one or two but...* Anyway I don't know who or how it started but it's not such an outrageous proposition as to be an impossibility, no? Unpleasantness of lineage aside we were in fact groomed for it over generations whether we like it or not. There are worse crosses to bare than... *physical perfection*.”

“Agreeing to the fucking boardrooms was all you're getting eyebrows, *I'll walk before I*...walk? That sounded better in my head...”

“Oh I would never impose such a thing my dear. I hired you for whats in your head, not what is or *is not* on it.”

“You don't want whats in my fucking head. *It's probably mostly dirty*-”

“*Hmm~*?”

“...String. And now I'm wonderin.”

“*Hmm*?”

“...no reprimandin for swearing here? Last fancy dinner place you were on my ass like spandex.”

“Do you know what the word among the *in-crowd* is regarding yourself, and your... *storied public history*?”

“...no? I never socialized with this wallet weight class as a drifter. What does that got to do with anythin?”

“*The lace Rose*.”

“Dare I ask why the fuckin fuck? And what IS this stuff we're drinkin, shits *heavy* and goes down like honey. I think I'm actually getting a buzz off this... *That's impressive...ive*..”

“*sip, Hmm~. What indeed...* The rose is markedly a thing of beauty. But it also specifically possesses barbs with which to defend it's form from the unaware. I do believe it is a nod to

both your job and demeanor. *I'd take it as a form of flattery Ryuko*. Very Pretty but very *dangerous*. Oh so very dangerous for the uninitiated indeed."

"Welp thish prickly red daffodil is wonderin why lace? And why the sudden lack of legroom eyebrows? You're the one always shunnin close contact fer professional reasons."

"I'm simply ensuring my little Rose is *not barbed to me, you see~*. Those that know the rose learn how to hold the stem with purpose, and without fear."

"Sats? If you go... much... highe- *Satsuki..... what, SHI~*"
Can't use fibers tooo many people. head swimmin, this fuckin happenin?!!?

"You know flats are very utilitarian shoes Ryuko. Who knows when you need to *slip one off to slide it's contents somewhere else. Somewhere warm~*."

"..eyebro- *oowsss.... THE FUCK- ahhhh~ hahhhh~....*"
okkk drunk as shist, this can't be happenin. There's noooo fuckin way...

"*sip* Lace petals already gathering dew in the twilight of morning? *And a pair of barbs far above wrapped in black-shrink-wrap for delivery~*."

"Sastu- *ahh~...hahhhhmmm~...* we- you- us... *reallyyyy should nott..tt*."

"Afraid of being found? Do show some resolve, *I know you can my dear~*."

"*Fiber havvee meeercy!...SHiii.....AHHh~....MMMmmm....mmm.....*"
OH SWEEEET FUUUCK YESSSSS!!!....

"*Mmmm...* Garcon! I do believe we have had our fill of drink for the night, so we take our leave. Our compliments to the chef, the cut was excellently prepared. Dripping with flavor and paired with a fabulous wine. *Come with me dear, let's get you home*."

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.
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"...very nice silk sheets...."

"Get up... you need to...change..first...*maybe?*....please? For me?"

"We're fuckin smashed...you've gone completely...I don't wanna-*OOoofff*"

"*Mmmm*. You have a very warm chest, Imouto."

"...Please don't again yer...Nee-san. *pleaseee* move yer head..."

"Do what, Imouto? It's too nice here, why leave? Your barbs are unimaginably soft... Uninterested in driving me away~?"

“.....”
Fiber forgive me.

"Ryuko? *Imouto?* What do you thin-*MMMPHH???...mmmm~*"

"..*Hahhhh~.... ahhhh~* I... fuckin can't... *FUCK IT* let's go for a ride, Nee-San!"

"That... that sounds *wonderfully filthy* Imou-”

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.
.

"YOU USED HOW MUCH!?!"

"I replaced a good bit of each bottle sent for their table! *HAHA- ow stupid ligaments*... Even if ones perfect and the others an *industrial filtration facility*, I used enough for a horse by weight. *THAT*, should speed things up *very* nicely. Toad got them home safe, don't worry your little blue head. Now then, the sooner they get it out of each others system the sooner we get to peace and quiet. Maybe shit goes normal for once in our goddamn lives."

"You made THEM drink a cocktail of essentially date-rape and Aphrodisiac! Out of literally ANYONE, them. And you think this will make things *normal*? ARE YOU INSANE NONON?! How- Where did you even get that *IN BULK*!?"

"I have my sources Dog, you meet people when you're trying to supply the impossible material standards *they* fucking demand."

"...I did say they were going to figure out that the wine was spiked eventually. *Especially if its going to be THAT obvious*! There will be hell to pay... need to make arrangements for aircraft... she can outrun some of those...*shit*. Container ship maybe?"

"Relax, their gonna be *MUCH* too busy to worry about that Doggy. *hehe*... Say, do they have in home security cameras by any chance?"

"....BY ALL THAT'S HOLY, NO!"

"Oh well, I could only hope. Also I can damn well guarantee you there won't be anything holy going on over there. Especially when it involves a drugged *eldritch-yarn abomination*...fuck saving that, I'm gonna need a pen. *Sooo* which do you thinks the top?"

"I want no part of your filth Snake."

"*Psshhh* Liar, I know you read it religiously with Blondie."

"LEAVE THE INNOCENT OUT OF THIS!"

Chapter End Notes

Every one of Isshin's fingers had bandages, so I assume there is a risk involved.

Got a word processor now, have to stop using notepad.

And for the few of you that might want it.
http://imgur.com/a/eO2io

Re-Edited.

Red sheets

Chapter Summary

R&D: Order from the top for material research. ALL resources authorized. Money is no object.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

...Too bright. Head... Pounding... What fucking happened...What am I wrapping my...around... Why is the ceiling white-
This is not my room.
...I *reallyyy* don't wanna do this, but work with me Fibers. Give me what I'm missing-*GAHH yup FUCK that stingsss*... OK. Heads getting better. Drinks were hardcore fucked with, Sats...did... *lewd things*... walking brick-shit-house drove us home... We... got upstairs
...we...
....
...*I*...
..
.

"*Mmmm*. Good... afternoon? Imouto."

FUCK.

"Sleep well?"

NO.

"I'd rather not move from the... *unusual* embrace but we do need to get out of bed. It's late."

NO, NO.

"Shame about my dress. Iori won't be happy about receiving the dozens of fragments."

NO, NO, NO.

"...And we need to clean up some blood. Will need some help with that. *A little sore*."

OH FIBER NO I-

"Imouto?"

“.....”

“Are you awake?”

“Y- Yeah.”

“Doing well?”

“...Fibers purged my liver of whatever the fuck that was, and head, I think. But... Did-.....did I....*we*?”

“*mmmrrgghhh* ...the evidence confirms my admittedly spotty memories, yes. *fufufu~*. Will you take responsibility, Imouto? *Mmmm~*, you know Life fibers have never been so soft...”

“I...can control that, but... *uh*.... *blood*?”

“The Monster took my first, *and many after*. But not my... I was not worthy of the *honor* of her *deflowering*.”

“...Then I... *your*... with...*shi-*”

“Although, its not all from there.”

“...*Holy shit* Nee-san I'm sor- *wait, what*?”

“You bit my neck rather deep, *in multiple places*... It's sealed, probably your doing at some point, but I'm going to need bandages to be safe. Evidently someone got... thirsty? Apparently you have more in common biologically than we thought with another friendly Fiber construct.”

“*Fiber fucking*- never... never again....”

“*Hmm*?”

“Never drinking again, holy shit. First that triple distilled barrel *incident* and now... I lost it. *Completely*.. I'm.... I... your-”

“*Shhhhhhhh*. I'm absolutely positive you would have stopped had I requested you to. *At any time*. Enjoy the moment now that it's happening.”

“... You're taking this *extremely* fucking well... considering... *um*...”

“You're worrying too much maybe, *Hmm~?”*

“*I'M* worrying too much!? You gave me a drunken under the table foot fuck which ended with me pounding you into the bed like a whore... *over and over*, with *ghh! it's coming back to me* Fucking hell... *I'm no fuckin better than Rags at this poin*-”

“NO!”

“but...I pretty much just drunkenly raped-”

“YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING LIKE HER! *Not a word of it...*”

“..But..”

“I know you've wanted this Imouto. And I must apologize that a large part of that is my doing, fostering it *relentlessly*.”

“You're...apologizing? For me drugged out tentacle raping you!?”

“It was not rape. I agreed to this Ryuko.”

“...Did I hear that right?”

“I *needed* ALL of this. Right here. Right now. Holding *You*. Your hands, your warmth, your *odd mannerisms involving citrus fruits*. Even your *extra retractable accessories* that I thought would always be my enemy yet here we are, currently sleeping protectively wrapped in them... *one of those was a little wide by the way*.”

“.....*Me*?”

“You're honestly the only person I can touch and feel... not cold stinging memories. It might be your ability to *bleed* emotions from your fibers. A feeling that you would never hurt me. Honestly, I don't know. And *I don't care*. When it comes to choosing a path in life my hearts never lied to me before.”

“You...need- *deserve*, better. We... *we can't*. Your career-”

“I NEED you, you idiot. *My idiot*. Call it selfishness, a first time for a selfish desire. But believe me, I've done *everything* in my power to ensure that I can have *YOU*. I know that you... *I had a hunch*. That *feeling* I got from your hands at first."

"....."

"To answer them, *I do love you*, and need you. I let *this* happen. A plan gone right... *maybe? Please* don't blame yourself. Ever.”

“... You've been *planning* this drunken romp!?”

“Well, *sort of*. It would appear *Someone* else thought I was too slow if the spiked wine was any indication. That was not my doing.”

“You mean this whole time I've been... *with my*... I've- I've been dying slowly over here inside thinking there was not a snowballs chance in fucking hell!”

“All I had to go on was your nervousness and the feelings you evidently wear on your skin. I still was not too totally sure you would be receptive as of yesterday. Making a move too soon with such a... *proposition* based on some crazed notion of life fiber science had risks. Precautions were taken. Although I suppose the *direct route* had its merits in the end. So Ryuko, what say you?”

“Well *um*... I suppose the red ropes coming out of me don't lie... I'm *more* than... with....I-...Lo-..LO-..*for fucking fuck Matoi, really!?*”

“*Fufufu~, I'll take that as a yes~*.”

“...OK then... *Sooo* what's that make *us*, some form of girlfriends? And what precautions?”

“*Mmm~*, To answer both... I mentioned moves to ensure I could not lose you? An extra safety net that would grant time to repair any *mistakes*. Such a relationship is understandably difficult to properly engage without *significant* planing when working from only one side.”

“... What did you do?”

“To answer fully, another question. Where do we live?”

“For fucks sake's Eyebrows not this side steppin bullshit.”

“*You do it all the time as well~*.”

“... *Fine*, fuck it, *rode the debauchery train this far*.”

“*I'm pretty sure that's not a way I would like my face to be referred to as~*.”

“*...howmuchdoyouactuallyremember...* T-Tokyo! *um*...”

“Close, but not what I'm looking for. Try again, *more detailed*, the post address you were supposed to know months ago maybe... I understand having a permanent address is different for you but it's been-”

“Suginami? I think?”

“*Closer*, but still no. Setagaya. Location in mind do you know the significance of why I fronted the *absolutely-horrendously-exorbitant* amount of money to build a sizable estate here specifically for *us*?”

“No, but that reminds me why the fuck do we need investors and banquets and shit? Are we not loaded to, *and I guess from, hell?”*

“Roughly half of the Inheritance went to pay the anti-trust fine, international damages fines for the actions of... *It*, and the cost to physically build the conglomerate back up. About a fifth of what was left would be enough for a comfortable living retirement even now at our young age. Our spending money, living expenses, etc are in a well managed fund that gains faster than *regular* expenditure depletes. The remaining four fifths of that second half has been used because you are the most *disgustingly expensive* significant other in history. And I'd have found a way to spend *ANY* amount more if I needed to. No cost was too high.”

“You said it was just a regular... How- How much *WAS* this house?”

“*Offhand*? The land came up to about four-billion yen including the consolidation of property lines, the contracting company took I believe a further-”

“Shit, *nevermind I get the idea*. So, that was going somewhere? Why *DO* we live here?”

“Because *It's just about legal if your paperwork's good enough* here. A non-trivial sum went to speeding things along. Just... *don't tell anyone that last bit*. As of July we could officially start filing for a civil union.”

“...Well shit. That's, *uh*, kinda far down the road there. *Gonna need some time to maybe plan*-”

“No need.”

“*Oh for*- Explain already, *general Patton...*”

“*Mmmm~*, As of five-ish weeks ago the paperwork was finally cleared. Father registering your birth under Matoi *significantly* helped. Less work in changing what little records there were on you. *Congratulations*, I'm in your care, *Waifu~*.”

“...We-”

“*Yes*.”

“..We're-”

“*Yup*.”

“w-”

“For the last time *affirmative* my dear broken record. I told you if there was a miss-step it would allow time to fix it. There was nothing else that would give me such a sizable amount of time *to* fix that possible issue.”

“WHEN THE FUCK DID I-”

“When you signed the forms for the *Name change* so you could gain *familial rights*. It's a wonder you ever actually read anything that comes across your desk.”

“I read important shit! *Sometimes...*”

“*Why do you think I have managers doing your corporate paperwork*? Continuing, so long as no one bothers to extract your DNA out of your life fiber mixed blood we are in the clear. And the list of people that know that, *and actually could do that*, can be counted on one hand. *AND* they are all under our employment.”

“So what you're sayin is, I've been trying to control myself *this fucking hard*, to not *fuck*, my fucking *wife?*”

“Still working towards getting it to *lawfully wedded wife*, but... close enough. Yes. Partnership *enthusiastically consummated very much ahead of my schedule as well~*.”

“You *DID* have my fucking ass as a goal on a fucking schedule!”

“More your whole person. *Your ass is nice though Imouto*. Though you make it sound like trying to earn a choice steak, not very romantic.”

“Do you ever fucking take shit day by day, like a normal person?”

“Do we actually know any of these mythical *Normal people*, you speak of?”

“...”

“*Mmmhmm*. Thought so.”

“...If the house was only, *and I use ONLY because fuck it*, THAT much... What else was there to spend *sooo* much on?”

“*Really, Ryuko*? I spring the fact that we are technically the closest thing we can currently be to *married*, after a very drunken *very stimulating* night... And you ask about how much *You* cost?”

“*...um*, I'm genuinely curious? Indulge me?”

“*You're impossible*. You absolute- *sigh. haha!* OK, but you asked for it. Aside from the house, the lobbying, fees for filling paperwork, the never ending costs involved with supplies for your rather unique medical upkeep-”

“I can't exactly be blamed on that last one... Sorta... Maybe...”

“*Indeed...* Feeding your nuclear reactor of an appetite, repairing the broken furniture when you try to play games, the reinforced motorcycle steering assembly so you don't rip it off, *again*, some minor expenses involving your hobbies-”

“*Um*, OK! A ton I get the idea... *But billions*!?”

“*Right*, that includes your ring.”

“... You spent it on a dinky ring? Were not exactly jewelry types eyebrows why would we need some one-off super gems?”

“Because... Because I won't be here forever Ryuko.”

“NOT THIS SHIT AGAIN-”

“Stop, *wait*. I know what you're going to say, but its actually relevant this time. I won't be here forever so I wanted something worthy of even outliving you, to give you.”

“...The nerds told me I'm gonna stop aging somewhere in my mid to late twenties Sats. *Like disco for brains*. That's not very doable.”

“That's why I ordered rings from *weapon research and development*.”

“...Whats it made of, Lasers? Space rock? *Laser space-magic-bomb-rocks*?”

“Gold would chemically last but was far too soft, it would break eventually by just closing your fist too hard.”

“I would probably end up breaking most anything *eventually*.”

“They did come up with a material. A pair, Built molecule by molecule from a variety of source elements. With an internally woven latticework of the small handful of hardened fibers from Bakuzan's more broken remnants. Perfectly made, next to impossible to destroy even with the scissors, and if you ask how much in development they cost *on their own* I swear, I will smack you right now. Box is in the nightstand.”

“So *THATS* what that feeling was... look kinda simple. Like really dark red gold circles?”

“A diamond setting would have undermined the structure, and engineering the color to anything else not fiber colored would have added untold years to manufacture. *And that's it*. Plan complete.”

“So you have planned everything. Absolutely *everything*?”

“Till this point roughly, *we skipped a fair bit forward*, but otherwise... yes.”

“After?”

“Not even I, aided with over a decade of tactical planing and operations experience could predict what You of all people would do or say after any of the aforementioned conversation and revelations were given. *Let alone all at once in a near reverse order*. I could only work to stacking the probability of successful interaction in my favor as much as possible before *direct engagement*.”

“Then I'm taking my Wife to KFC for break- *Dinner*, today.”

“*...Fast food fried chicken... AFTER ALLLL of this...*”

“Yeah.”

fump
“*mmmrmmmwmmmimmmlmm!!!!*”

“OI!, stop motor-boating my shit!”

“*You're just*... Never change Imouto, please *to any god that listens* never change.”

“Give me a year or two to finally catch up the little remaining height difference first- *Ow*!, whats the poke for!?”

“*Mmm~* We've spent enough time in bed. I've answered you, now please go and wash already.”

“Oh *HELL* no now that I can finally- *OW*!, I'm going! Stop poking my tits!”

“Unfortunately *That* will have to wait a few days. I will need to see a gynecologist, the last one you used went pretty... *deep*.”

“*Uhhh, sorry*? Say, where did my dress go?”

“I was unfortunately not paying that much attention what with the whole Hentai reenactment you had going on in my core...”

“*How would you know what*- IRONBRAND SATSUKI WATCHES PORN!?!”

“No, touching myself is... *complicated*. I was not using hyperbole when I said you're somehow *the only one* that can. But I've briefly *observed you watching it~*.”

“.....”

“You know after a clean bill of health, I could agree to some of your more... *acrobatic idea's*... I'd be lying if I said I was not looking forward to it *at least somewhat while sober~*. Ryuko?”

“.....”

“You were looking for a certain dress?”

“*...ye.. yeah. Dress...*”

“It must be somewhere around, though I think you couldn't wait and *Internalized it*? Or something to that effect. You will need a long talk with Iori and Mr. Mikisugi about that at some point.”

“...But...”

“*Relax*, its under *there* somewhere and well it might be useful to have what I'd essentially call your wedding dress on demand. *If you figure out how that actually works*... It- It doesn't *hurt* does it?”

“No, but...”

“*Then... Hahaha*! I knew it! *you loved it~*.”

“...N-No I JUST...”

“The only other article of clothing you ever search for earnestly is your jacket. Just *admit* you love your best handiwork thus far.”

“Fiber Damnit. I... *does it really matter*.... I... *maybeIdo.... fuck!*”

“*Already did~*, Enough stalling, shower. *Now*. I need to find feeling in my legs, and the sink's first aid kit's gauze.”

“You sure you got this? *I'm now justifiably allowed to carry you bridal-bitch-sty-*”

“GO and wash my blood from your face, or we go vanilla and I rescind my offer to *Cirque-Du-sexual-soleil* with you.”

Well THAT got her moving.

Chapter End Notes

Ragyo demonstrated some level of control over her fibers externally. Started as a one off add in inspired by the cover of a certain, probably illegal, doujin. But there is fun to be had with the idea on top of the "job". Not sure if that means this needs a tentacle tag though.

And I'm sorry for not having the actual “sex” bits. I tried but it came out long, repetitive, and poorly done. so it got cut.

Re-Edited.

Procured

Chapter Summary

> Front desk please call upper management and send Ms. Jakuzure as soon as she arrives. Thank you.

Chapter Notes

> There is excessive swearing (more than usual). You've been warned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So how did it go downstairs? you've been putting off that visit far too long.”

“I know he isn't... But WHY are we paying that perverted sack of shit?”

“That "Pervert" has a doctorate in biology with a focus in bio-mechanical research. There is a reason Father brought him in on the plan in the first place.”

“HE WAS HITTING ON ME!”

“And I know that you are a perfect specimen of a woman, but how did you respond my darling, *loyal*, exceptionally devoted waifu~?”

“I backhanded the shit out of his face with my ring.”

“Seeing as I have not received a fatality report I'm assuming that he survived, so what's the problem?”

“HE KEPT TRYING HARDER AFTER THAT!!”

“...I'll have a long conversation with him later on “appropriate workplace behavior”...*Again*. Anyway, what was the verdict on your missing dress?”

“*...youwereright...*”

“You're mumbling to the floor. Again?”

“...You... were... right...”

“Try again, still couldn't quite make that out~”

“*ughhhh* YOU WERE RIG-*MHHPP??mmm~...*”

“Better, And I'm always right. Such as when I say your mouth can do better things than complaining~”

“...You teasing-”

“Well *damn* the odd couple really did finally grow a pair of spines.”

“OI!, WHEN THE FUCK- ...hey let go- *mmmphhhh???...Icanlivewiththisposition...*”

“Good morning Nonon. You're feeling better from that... unfortunate mishap, I presume?”

“Yes Lady Satsuki, and from what I hear from Dog you married your living dakimakura already? Well, you're not hanging her out to dry with the laundry at least...”

“..I...O-..OI-”

“*Shhh. just make it through the meeting peacefully at least, for me?*”

“*....no promises...*”

“Please respect the Missus Jakuzure. She has a name and feelings that she won't admit to having. Now, shall we begin?”

“You know I could get someone to grab a towel sample from my trunk for you to sit on Red. Or would that be like face-sitting on a distant cousin?”

“Nonon, would you like to invite the others for some *wine*~”

“Starting, A-As you wish!...”

.
.
.

“Come onnn short-stack, I need just a *tiny* bit more.”

“And I'm telling you Mrs.Yarn-tachi, THAT'S ALL I CAN GET ON YOUR BUDGET! I can't magically wave my magic saxophone, and magically spring into existence TWO THOUSAND MAGIC KILO'S MORE OF PERFECT *AND DOMESTIC* SILK! I'm already paying a FLIPPING FORTUNE to secure this much already! Do you have any idea of how much it costs to have people hand check every FU-FRAKING SQUARE CENTIMETER FOR IMPERFECTIONS!!! DO YOU?!!!”

sip... sigh

“You're the one negotiating with the warehouses? THIS IS YOUR JOB!! FUCK IT! We'll pay 1.5 fucking times so they can get extra two-ply to wipe the asses on their extra shifts!

Those Fucks are already supposed to be doing this level of quality control. Why the fuck do we have to pay fucking more for this bullshit!”

...sip

“BECASUE IT'S FUCKING BUISNESS YOU *CUM SOCK*! Margins are fuc-flippant margins. This is not some cheap mass produced plastic-by-the-roll. THEY GROW THIS STUFF FROM CATERPILLERS! Nature isn't perfect!”

“THEY WEAVE THE SHIT! NOT THE FUCKIN LEAF WORMS! Fuck, get them MAKING it better and they won't have to check so hard after. Higher quality across the board, lazy fucks...”

“YEAH! GREAT IDEA! WORK HARDER FOR THE SAME PAY! That will blow over like a hurricane. TAKE THE CROCHET NEEDLE OUT OF YOUR BRAIN AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS FOR ONCE!”

sip... here we go.

“Howsabout you take our offer back to them, I'll take that proverbial needle and shove it so far up your ass I CAN TATTOO IT ON YOUR BRAIN PAN!?”

sip
“Please don't figh-”

“Considering how impossible that is, with all the luck I would need to convince them you might as well add unicorns and rainbows on there for shits and giggles while you're at it Argyle-ASSHAT!”

“Ring Ring! Hey its my phone! Whats that? Willy Wonka's called, they want their incompetent cotton-candy-oompa loompa BACK IN THE FIELD!”

“Well bleach-breath, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN ME OUT THERE! MAYBE WEAVE SOME MAGIC WORKER PRODUCTIVITY SOCKS TO GIVE ALL THE GOOD LITTLE PEASANTS!”

“I COULD WEAVE SOCKS THAT MAKE THIER SHOE'S CRY WITH JOY, AND FIND NEW LOVE TO WORK STANDING! SHRIMP-COCK-TEASE!”

“While you're at it might as well actually give them all a fucking raise! MAYBE SOME WONDERBRA'S FOR MORE MIRACLES! And I wouldn't know, I DON'T SPEAK SHOE YOU ALENCON-LACE-AHKIABARAN-WET-DREAM!”

“JUST BECAUSE I LIKE FINDING COOL SHIT IN COSTUME DOESEN'T MEAN I'M RUNNING FIBER-DAMN PEEP SHOWS OVER THERE MOUNT-WYCHEPROOF-MAMMARIES!”

“Like there's a fucking difference. You went there last time in, *you know*, just ACTUAL STRIPPER HEELS, a blue catsuit that looked more like bodypaint, AND A SMILE! YOU'RE SPOKEN FOR YOU DEVIENT-DIPSHIT! Watch out for the puddle you leave!

You might fall and give someone's tie a good time on the way down BALLISTIC-NYLON-BLOWJOB-MACHINE!

....sip...maybe they'll calm down?...

“OH THAT'S RICH! YOU'RE the one hitting up bars to suck more miles of dick then every underage looking prostitute in Hong Kong COMBINED!”

“Don't act like you *didn't* unofficially have the title of Kanto-clam-shucking champion Denim-dyke!”

“I grew out of that phase, YOU never grew out of padding your push-up bra.”

“AT LEAST I DIDN'T SLUT AROUND HALF THE COUNTRIES ALL GIRL SCHOOLS VIOLENTLY BROODING INSTEAD OF GROWING THE FUCK UP FLEECE-FUCKSTICK!”

Or not...

“AT LEAST I WON'T BE ARRESTED FOR CHILD ABUSE, UNLIKE YOUR LAST GIRLFREIND! She tried to steal your lunch money? Or was it for assaulting a minor?”

“YOU WANNA GO OUTSIDE JOCK-STRAP-ITCH!!??”

“I already authorized you to! I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU TO LEAVE AND BUY US THE SHIT FOR THE LAST FEW FUCKING HOURS, YOU UNLIKEABLE-HAIRDYE-HUFFING-HELLSPAWN!”

“AT LEAST I'M NOT ACTUALLY A HELLSPAWN YOU GORETEX-GARBAGE-BABY-*OhMyGod* I didn't-”

SLAM
“You pink little shit-stain...*What did you just say...*”

sip, clink sigh...
“Ryuko, stand down.”

“Holy SHI- I am SOOOOO sorry. I did NOT mean to- Holy fuck what did I just say. P-Put those away!”

“...That will be enough for today, Ms. Jakuzure.”

“I a-apologize. Fuck me that was harsh. Wow, that's what they look like? Kinda sharp...”

“*Hows a proper round two in your eye-sockets feel in exchange?*”

“That will be ALL. Calm down, BOTH OF YOU! Nonon you are indeed authorized to pay that rate for the Red Label supply. Continue your day, we still have deadlines to meet for launch and I'm sure your other accounts are waiting. Ryuko SIT-

YANK "AGGHahhhhh!"

"-DOWN!"

"As you wish Lady Satsuki, L-Lady... Ryuko... Good-day."

.
.

"Now that we have gotten that out of the way-"

"*WHY DO I WORK HERE?! Fuck knows I can't stand THIS shit.*"

"Imouto please stop, calm down, retract the sharp implements that just ruined your shirt sleeves. Here, you can borrow my jacket for the day."

"*WHY!*"

"Because I told you *THESE* stay at HOME. You are *extremely* lucky Inumuta personally oversees the automated camera network. The normal rank and file does not need to know about your more *exotic characteristics*."

"*...Their extensions of my nerves Sats, that hurt like Fuck...*"

"I'm sorry, Nonon was rude, but you went out of line. And only if you calm down~"

"*....what?*"

"You really don't think with your brain sometimes I swear."

"Should I be insulted or..."

"You should breath."

"But I don't really have to do that-"

"Figure of speech dear, also required for continued oral communication. Actually... rephrase that, *audible* oral communication. God knows that tongue of yours is capable of communicating your feelings~"

"....."

"Better?"

"*...she'sstillabitch...*"

"Excuse me?"

"IT'S GREAT BEING HICTHED!...yeah...L-Let's go with that..."

"Somehow *substantially* more headaches, I don't know~"

“..O-OI!?”

“There-there my lovable, predictable, Imouto. You know well enough that there is only one person for me. Now, whats this I hear about you traveling alone in plastic fetish-wear? *Again?*”

“...Why does pinkette hate my existence? I know some other people do, but not so fucking personally.”

“How much do you care for Mankanshoku?”

“...A fucking lot?”

“And what did you feel like when Ira confessed to her?”

“...Like I could kill him if he made one hair on her coconut head shift out of place?”

“Extrapolate.”

“...uhhh...”

“I became with friends with Nonon *in kindergarten*. And she vowed to die for me if needed. What do you think?”

“...That I should never show her what you look like after a few hours of-”

“I suppose in your own words, you get the idea. Give her time to come around. I'm thinking she does not like it, but she understands why we are *as we are*. And dodging my questions. Again.”

“...You just did it too...”

“Not the point. *And again*?”

“...I went to a retro shop to get a copy of super metroid.”

“That's... the one... don't tell me. The blonde woman complaining about motherhood some million different ways? If I recall you hated it?”

“Eh this one's from before. When she was more space pirate hunting badass and less whiny self loathin bitch on a leash.”

“You should have told me you were making a planned trip. Buying things requires pockets for money. And I'm not against learning about your more wholesome hobbies. Or wearing blue... You'll just have to let me see it after work today my not so little half-alien-space-warrior~”

“I..uh... have to go back down... and um, get some... papers... in order...”

“*Save it all Imouto, for me?~*, Get your actual work done by five instead.”

“.....”

“I love you too~”

.
.
.

“Leaving already? Either it went better than expected, or you screwed up royally.”

“No more daydreaming nervous messes in executive positions to fuck up their own business! Everybody profits, business as usual begins.”

“Did the actual meeting end well?”

“Ehh Things got heated. Shit got dragged up. It got personal...”

“That would be the yelling then. You know those rooms are soundproofed and yet-”

“Well aware Dog. Of all the worlds shit-heads it just had to be a fucking hot-headed-delinquent. Such a terrible influence on her... And yet.”

“Your verdict?”

“I walked in on them basically mouth fucking on the desk. They are most *definitely* happier. I'd probably sell my eardrums for the sex tape...”

“The mathematics were spot on with over sixty percent confidence on match. Their productivity last week alone is up ten percent. Congratulations on getting them together, I'll inform the others.”

“Have fun with that.”

Chapter End Notes

Now I've hit a wall. This is the longest semi-coherent thing I have ever written and I'm in deep over my head. I do have two smallish chapters to continue as is, but it's kinda just devolving into SOL/ kinda smutty. And I'm not good enough to make that interesting.

Option A, Run this into the ground.

Option B, bring it out back, shoot it now, and move on. Not a bad stop.

Option C, Throw this AU(?) on the back burner. Wait it out till I learn "how to story" and reach the point I think of reaching. Monkeys and typewriters.

Affections

Chapter Summary

Batteries not included.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“...Why the fuck did I agree to going to different shitty-old antique shops again?”

Bzzztt

“*AH- mmmmpphh~!!*”

“No fathomable idea at all my dear. Truly one of life's little mysteries~.”

“*haaa*...You...you know just hitting the... the max setting with nothing in between is kinda-”

BZZzzzzztt

“*FIBER FU-....mmm~*”

“My dear, what entity possibly whispered into your consciousness that *That* was *maximum strength~*.”

“*Bitch*...”

BZZZZZZZZZZZZ...

“*SWEETFUCKIN MMMMMmmmm~*”

“I'm just following your *explicit* instructions on the operation of this *completely unrelated remote*, my lovely red faced *guttural sounding* darling. And don't drop your hat, we are most assuredly in a very busy place. Do keep up though, we agreed to this *activity day* as reparation for making me sit through that abomination you called “Young Indiana Jones”.”

“.....was- was it really... that bad?”

“Now for the second guest bedroom should we find a cherry dresser, or maybe something imported in oak to match the window frames?”

“.....”

“Or is your cherry currently only interested in getting some oak right about... *now*?”

BZZZzzztt

“T-That's a-all...y-you...got...heh!...*That ain't shit* eyebrow-”

BUUUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

“*OWWSSAHHhh~~~~.....fffuck...meeeEE... w-what t-the SHIT!....*”

“*That*, was maximum. *Not here*. And shall we continue finally?”

“....message....received....”

“Good~. We have nine more locations to leisurely peruse.”

“...Why can't... we just order shit... from a furniture place-”

BUZZZZZZZZZZ

“*COMING!~*”

“Not right now I hope, that would make quiet a mess, *and be such a dreadful waste~*”

“.....”

.
.
.

“First, your welcome I ever agreed to your extra stipulation. And please pick your head up off the table.”

“...Mmmm...”

“Second, when are you finally going to admit that you, *for whatever reason*, absolutely adore getting my *ministration* in public setting?”

“...When you admit... to being a sadist...”

“You never informed me about *only* stopping for release when you were potentially close to getting off. I was simply impressed at how long I seemed to be able to keep you building. If you had properly notified me, I would have been more than welcoming at any time to find somewhere sufficiently private. *I will always finish what I start Imouto~*”

“.....”

“Was it worth asking me in what must have been the most difficult grouping of sentences you have ever produced?”

“....*youhavenoidea*...”

“Mmm~ In any case the day was productive, the furnishings should be waiting crated up in the driveway for us later today. May I rely upon you to get the larger ones in place?”

“... kay.....”

“...No combative rebuttal and outright refusal until we eventually come to a compromise?”

“Don't... feel like it... *feeling too much actually right now*...”

“The pain of being sensitive and cotton bound~?”

“It's... not as good as.....*fuck*.....*youknow*...”

“Hmm? *fufufu*~”

“...*fuckoff*... And fuck polyester blends... *satin's... not so bad down there... still chafes though*...”

“Mmm, you will find something gentle enough eventually. Are you going to finish that?”

“...Don't you... *despise* soda?”

“Normally I wouldn't touch your liquid cancer at all, yes. However I'm trying to eat this salad and everything to some degree currently *tastes like you*. The conflict with the vinaigrette is killing my appetite so I need a palette cleanser. I will add trying to discover a more complementary one to your *flavor* on the grocery list.”

“.....S-s-sorry??....”

“Please don't take offense. This is not any failing on your part. On it's own your... Is not bad at all. Hmmmmm, *Quite The opposite actually*...”

“.....we're still sitting...in front of a cafe... you know...”

“Indeed off hour or not we should be moving, find the strength in your shapely-rear yet Imouto?”

“....you're *really* not... helping right now on *that*~...”

“For your information I almost drowned today. I had to open my throat to get it all down, you can't *possibly* be ready for more *already*? That would be an inhumanly... short refractory... *nevermind*. Try... Relaxed breathing maybe?”

“....y-yo-you...W-WHAT!?”

“Is it not a customary practice for one to “swallow completely” for one's partner?”

“...uh...*wellllll~ t-that's um..... s-sorta*?...”

“You seem to have always managed well enough, so I reciprocated. It was admittedly difficult though. I guess there might be an output volume capability difference between us. Hmm, this will require more practice until I am sufficiently capable of the proper display of affection for your physical person that you deserve.”

“*.....pleasefuckingstoOOp~..*”

“Or is this leading to another request? If you are so inclined I can be persuaded to formulate a logistically feasible way *to share*... If that's what you would personally find satisfactory instead. Hmm~ *I've bent over backwards for you as it is, anything within reason should be fine~*.”

“*OHhh FFFffuuuu~~.....*”

“Ryuko?... Did you just?...”
sigh
“*Really*? Here, have some napkins... Shouldn't be too bad, your *reservoir* must have been near empty at least.”

“*...I fucking love you so damn much...*”

“Mmmmm, how did he say it... *I know~*.”

“*...Fuuuckk Nee-san Pleeease stop*... before this...*hahhhh~*... becomes a *did I fire five shots, or six.....*”

“*Fufufufu~* Okay. But only if you save your glowing golden mane for later, *Blondie*.”

.
.
.

“Before we start movin shit, I'm takin a shower.”

“To extract the mess maker far up under your pleats, *or an excuse to not start lifting furniture up stairs~?*”

“Shut-up... *maybe-both...*”

“Mmm~”

Two can play at this game Nee-san...

.
.

Hmmm, maybe this frame could get the pictures we took last year in- *WHAT ON EARTH!?* ..... From under the bed leading to the bath...*Oh?...But the waters still running?...* “Well hello there, my overly-affectionate little red vine. *you've most certainly gotten lost on your*

way to the bathroom. It's just over there in the corner on the far wall. I'm not done changing, and have things to do."

.....

"No, I am not the corner on the far wall. Binding my legs will not get you clean sooner~. Unless... you're not trying to get clean like your frie-...*nds*."
OH.....So that's her game...

.....

"I'm sorry little vine, but please let go and tell your three new friends that I have picture frames to fill... And pants to put on."

.....

"Um... I'm not a picture frame that needs fill-..."
OK....S-Shirts very full now... Suddenly being~...ahh~....

.....

"*Mmmm*~ you're going to have to try harder than that to get a rise from me~." She's not getting one on me that easy. Think. Situation...Four bundlessss~... legs bound, unfortunatly no pants, still hAAvve~.. arms... Or not. Just how farrr~... Is she going to- *VERY FAR*~. "Well hello there little vine number five. It looks like you're attempting to initiate coitus. Would you like some help~? Maybe some tips on- *Mmmm~ that is most definitely A tip*~."

.....

"*Fufufufu*~ Poke and prod all you want little vines, you still can't get under my br- *Oh! I spoke... Too soon*~." I dooo~ believe she haSS~... been practicing... This m-might actually be difficult.

.....

"MMMmm~ Yes, my little red wandering friends the ends of my breasts...i-indeed... have sensitive tips~. Alas, you're all a little dry? I do su~...spect that you will be attempting to find *lubrication soon?* A good c-cut with a dry rub can be... fantastic... however, *I prefer one with moisture.*" Now to confirm whether she is getting the hints... *There it is.*

.....

"Hmmm~ what e-ever will you do now? I d-don't wear a loose cut- D-Do be gentle though w-with them, *Your owner Ryuko is rather fond of my lace thongs*~. E-Especially inN~... her colors~"

.....

"Ohh my~ I seem to be leaking f-fluids all over you my little friends. *I do apologize*~. Or maybe this was part of your plans? *Mmmmmm*~ As an expert on plans I d-do hope you're

planning on using those filthy liquids you made me produce. *It would be a shame to just get me all hot and bothered for nothing~*.

.....

“Oooohh Noo~ You little gremlins have g-gone and made me wet from breast to toe, But this was on purpose no? Now just a layer of fine soaked cloth b-between Fibers and-*FOLDS!~*....."

.....

I- Ahhhhh~... do b-believe I j-just... lost... *Well... when l-life gives you lemons~*. “I s-stand~... c-corrected. *You're not a v-very little vine at all number f-five~. Fufufu~* I won't... r-recommend just s-sitting and enjoying the lovely v-view in there, it's too dark to see-EEE!! *FUCK~!” OH GOD W-WHEN DID SHE LEARN HOW TO P-P-PULSATE T-T-THEM!!!~*

“...Did mine ears doth deceive me~? I swore I just heard the great *Lady Satsuki* swear~? Hmm, a great lady in a great predicament methinks~? At least *the view is one HELL of a sight to see*.”

“Ahhhhh~~... D-D-DEAR I-I-Imouto~~... y-y-you've b-been...h-h-holding o-out o-on me-EEEE~~! *FFUU~~!...AHhhhhh~~~....*”

“Y-You forget I have *full f-feeling in those*. Fiber... I w-wish I figured this one out WAYYYY sooner. *Holy shit that clench... how the fuck are you still standing!?*”

“...I-It's...*hahhh...* N-not l-like I.... have a-any other o-options.” Breath. Calm... “B-Besides, we have things to do and time is limited. Or you thought I would forget if *you rubbed me the right way~*?”

“*...And I'M the super human?*”

“Mmmm~ get dressed, I'm borrowing that skirt.”

“.....w-why?”

“Schedule to keep, not soiling a pair of clean pants, *give it here*... Not a bad fit. Maybe you could borrow my formal wear from now on? *Shirts might be too tight though*...”

“.....”

“Well get to it dear. Preferably before it starts raining? *Outdoors.*”

“...G-Going...”

Chapter End Notes

It was half there... Too deep to stop... monkey on a typewriter it is.

Formatting is making the editing take forever. God help my GPA.

Arrangements

Chapter Summary

Just, don't tell anyone. Please?

“ANNNNNNDDDDDD DONE! Last of the shitty junk in place?”

“They are quality hand made decorations and furniture built to last. Not *junk* Imouto. They deserve at least your respect for being as well built as you are~.”

“... Ok, yeah we finished the guest rooms. I still don't know where *I'M SUPPOSED TO WORK FROM NOW!* But, whatever... *You have to do your special-sewing-shit-at-home my ass...*”

“I told you moving in that the guest rooms would be arranged eventually. You can move the body forms and materials into your own room. It's not like you sleep there anymore~. Whatever you're not using currently can be stored in the basement.”

“.....”

“You have to remember what you're holding onto Ryuko. There was significant discussion involved with the group decision to even tell you to attempt imparting some of this knowledge into Iori in the name of science. For us it's simply very fortunate that reverse engineering the technique isn't possible. There is a great number of parties interested in acquiring the secrets to weaving Fibers. It's for the best that not one of them does in the off chance the retrieval team has missed a spool. How *Is* that work coming along by the way. You've spent quite a lot of time in here over the past few weeks with little progress to show for it.”

“...It's... uh... a pain in the ass to “adapt-shit-for-consumer-markets” while keeping the usage of the better stuff to a minimum...”

“Hmmm. I can see how that *might* be time consuming. Just get it done.”

“*Fine*.... So this is gonna be sorta related, but why the sudden urge to finish up the spare building wing? We basically live in the other half.”

“It's been a while, I figured having the whole group back together for at least a short while would be nice.”

“....What? HERE?! WHEN!?!”

“A prolonged get together to catch up, yes, and *soon*.”

“You won't allow pets, but you're going to invite that completely dysfunctional group of people to sleep here?”

“They know enough to be civilized. Unlike puppies I'm very positive that they are all house trained already~.”

“*I would seriously doubt that...* We, uh, done?” Hopefully, maybe, please for the love of Fiber say yes...

“...No.”

“*UGHHHHH* Now what you slave driver.... You're the one tellin me I have shit to get done. *And I have some noobs to kill afterwards*.” Shit, she couldn't have. There's no way she could tell.

“Upon closer inspection your wardrobe choice is... *alarming.*”

“...” *NO, NO, NO, NO NOT YET!*

“There's something... off with it.”

“...My sweats? Y-You told me to change into something I don't care much for if it got dirty in the process...”

“*UNDER* the sweat suit.”

“I-I'm not goin “free” right now.....”

“That might be the specific problem at this time actually. Take it off.”

“...W-Would you be p-proposin my person to engage in a *strip-tease* fer you, my Nee-san?”

“In a manner of speaking, lets say yes. *Dear, show me what you've got*.”

“...D-Did I put you in the mood *That* well?... I didn't even think you were into that kinda thing... I could change into something more visually interestin first? Maybe some thin layers, grab a chair, an *m-maybe some other stuff...*”

“*OH No* my dear that wait would positively spoil the moment. *I insist*.”

“...Y-You sure? It would only take a-”

“Nooo, no. *You misunderstand*. I'm gauging exactly how much trouble you're in my precious Ryuko.”

“.....I think I got the idea...” *SHE KNOWS. FUUUU...*

“Hmm. *That so*?”

“....N-Now y-you DID say *anything* at home was free game. A-Anything I needed? *Wanted*... yeah?”

“Indeed I most assuredly did my dear. Absolutely *Anything* your beautiful heart desires behind the privacy walls of this estate. *EXCEPT*?”

“Prostitutes, parties, and illegal substances?”

“*Mmmhmm*, affirmative. So I implore you again. *Drop. Them*.”

“N-Now Nee-san... We-... We *defined* what illegal substances are and I'm fairly sure... well *this* ain't o-one of them. Technically.”

“I am prepared to remove the offending articles of clothing from your flesh *by force*.”

“... kinky?”

“*You know damn well that is off the table Ryuko. Please don't make me do this to you.*”

Fuck it... Hope she's in a good mood.

Not fighting me? Zipper coming down- that's a lot of red straps. Top *and* bottom sporting an uncomfortably familiar fiery red glow. “...For someone that usually relaxes in things that are as uncomplicated as possible, *including frequent instances of next to nude-*”

“I k-know no bare ass o-on the couch.”

“That is the single most intricate set I have ever seen Imouto. *Other worldly even?*”

“....I-It's.... um... do you, like it?...”

“I dare say it complements your physique exquisitely. Your usual productions might fit like a glove, *but this looks like a second skin on your form*.”

“....W-Well I thought it m-might work out-”

“However were you by any chance, *and I mean this in the least accusatory way possible of course.*”

“...O-Of course.”

“Stashing *that particular masterpiece* in *here* on a form? Sooo that a certain, we'll say *Individual*, would not come *the fuck* across it?”

“....Did y-you just-”

“CUT THE *SHIT* RYUKO MATOI KIRYUIN!”

This is possibly the second to worst way for this to have gotten out... She hasn't gone for the scissors though. Maybe I got a chance? “....H-How did you, uh-”

“You're not very good hiding your *after-glow* while utilizing their power enhancement my dear. Just to hear it all out, *That* is indeed made of Life Fibers?”

“....G-Genuine... *One-hundred-percent*..... O-On a scale of one to t-ten-”

“*One thousand*.”

“.....I-”
“*ow*.....Probably deserved that slap...”

“Damnit Ryuko I.... I... I a-apologize for s-striking you. No you didn't. I never *deserve* TO HIT YOU! EVER! YOU'RE A PERSON GODS DAMN IT!”

“.....Ok?”

“IT'S NOT *OK*, NONE OF THIS IS *OK*! What would posses you to EVER-...” *BREATH*. Breath. Calm... Rationally approach this.

“....Eh?”

Nation wide sensor net has not detected any significant increase in Bio-energy activation readings since she sunk Honnouji. Only her normal, *explainable*, output level. Conclusion, no activation of a Kamui or other high-density constructs. Nor takeover of her nervous system by intelligent hostile agent. There is a method to her specific brand of low-key, *low-risk*... it's... it's not *madness*, this had a reason. There is always a reason to her antics, no matter how minor. Even the completely stupid ones.

“.....Uh... Sats?” Fiber d-did I break her!? Is she thinkin how she's gonna break ME? SHIII-

“Why?”

“.... No monologue on the dangers of clothing-in-pigs, er, something?”

“You... are a one of a kind individual that lives as a Life fiber being. That is an irrefutable truth I am more than well aware of. You are also my responsibility Ryuko. Before anything I need to know, *Why*?”

SHES GIVEN ME A CHANCE!? DO-NOT FUCK THIS UP BRAIN. “.....E-Evil mind controlling rape shirts... a-and people eating monsters aside....” WHAT *THE FUCK* BRAIN! Try again. “Uh... It's... W-Well there's no easy way to...”

“I can wait.”

“....It's.... It's*honestly the most comfortable shit I've ever fucking worn*... I h-have a collection spanning hundreds and hundreds of designs... cause they *ALL* have minor differences in material or pattern...um.....”

“Go on.”

“...N-Nothing else has come close in comparison to... to... E-Even...*J-Junketsu*..... S-So I grew some extra, *carefully* c-collected it, and made a set for those days where I... I *just can't stand anything Fiber-fucking else*... like right now.”

“You risked creating a monster grafted from your own flesh and blood... *for a more comfortable string up your ass*?”

“...I'm sorry. I-It shoulda come up in a- It's petty as fuck. I shoulda maybe told ya... I-”

“Ryuko.”

“...Yeah?”

“I'm hopefully never going to be unreasonable with you. More importantly your health, and that includes the unique... specifics *that* entails. I indeed have not *strictly forbidden* this... *Activity* on your part. Though, to be fair, it was only a theoretical possibility you would ever be capable of this kind of production at the time.”

“.....”

“*Please don't look at me like that*... For the record I'm not angry with you directly. I'm more upset that you never bothered to tell me you were even planning such a stunt. I'm not entirely sure which is worse.”

“..... I didn't want to worry you if it went tits up and it tried to eat me... I've heard that's what they do when you get it wrong. Worst case scenario I'd have killed it no matter what.”

“You're playing with fire Imouto.”

“I know the Bitch did the same shit for her horrendous-clown-shoes-wardrobe. It was *real fun* wearin a hazmat suit so I didn't accidentally absorb any of *Her* after shredding every bit of the red stuff in that house. *You don't wanna know what it sounded like in there.* I'll... It will probably hurt like fucking hell... but if... I'll take an ass ton of painkillers and d-destroy it the same way if that's what-”

“No. Where were you possibly planing on long term storage of it anyway?”

“M-My closet?”

“Absolutely not. If I handle the pieces I should be relatively fine. If for any *possible* reason most anyone else were to come into contact with it separate from your control, *if that's even possible*, they could have been in considerable danger.”

“... Who else could possibly want to handle my fucking underwear? It's not like we have maids... *wouldn't mind having someone else to clean this place though*.”

“*You'd be surprised*. Can you *internalize* it like your dress?”

“...Probably? I mean, its *made of me*.”

“...Is it really still a “part” of you?”

“I can still feel stuff through it so... yeah? It felt weird as shit at first, but I uh... It's comfy... Never too cold. Never too hot... *Never gives me a wedgie*.”

sigh....
“I would, and will NEVER, wish direct harm upon you and your *constituent-parts* without significant reason. Hopefully never... If... If it's technically still... You can keep this *ONE* set with a deep scan by the lab IF you keep it in your *self*. I trust you, I trust your internal fibers enough already to... *i-invite them into my body willingly*... I can trust this. Just so long as it STAYS ON, In?... YOU! If it becomes separate from you for an extended period of time it goes out of my hands. I will not *hesitate* to obliterate it come that worst case scenario... Also if you value our lives, don't go advertising this *TO ANYONE.* Please? For both our sake's.”

“*... Thank you*... Satsuki.”

“You can always talk to me Ryuko. Nothing stopped you from speaking out your mind before, don't stop now. And if you're somehow still wondering if what you ask is “acceptable”, it's not like we are not *already* breaking *loads* of taboo's every morning~. I would like to think there is nothing possibly so uncomfortable that could be left between us to such an extent that it would remain unsaid. Now on a personal level...”

“What?- OI!!! *AHHH~ FUUU~~!!!*”

“...What does it feel like? In comparison I mean.”

“*I-I'm...N-Noooot~...s-sure I-yeee~ followwww... Sats... MMMmmrrggghhhh~~ T-That... kinda h-hurtsss~!...*”

“The Life Fibers, not your... oversensitive... *oh, right*.”

“The f-fuck brought that fuckin on? *And how I can replicate it at some point later...*”

“After everything we've been subjected to, gone through. You would still willingly wear them? They honestly feel *that* good to you?”

“It's more like... Their...Yeah, *amazing*. Everything else feels like varying levels of *significantly worse*. For, like, regular clothes that's not such a bad problem with some better materials and lack of seams to rub. For the more *sensitive* bits... yeah... you ever wear *steel wool panties*?”

“Actually...”

“YOU FUCKING HAVE!!!??? What *THE FUCK* kinda depravity was THAT! DON'T FUCKING TELL ME THE BITCH-”

“No, thankfully my wardrobe for the most part was under my control. However that is a very appropriate description for what it was like personally wearing Junketsu for extended periods of time before you shredded it. To a lesser degree all life fibers were like this. For everyone it felt *revolting*, unnatural. *Understandable given their nature*. The only reason people wanted more fibers was for the addicting nature of it's accompanying power boosting properties. Most two star students had to adjust slowly into wearing the uniforms for their station. The first three stars took my best five a year. Not one experimental fitting succeeded a higher amount successfully.”

“...Oh...I didn't- I mean Senketsu felt a little bumpy sometimes but sitting around was... just plain *nice*.”

“I suppose being a miniature fiber hive unto yourself meant they do not attack to colonize your body like us, instead they simply work to integrate into your existing structure?”

“....Doesn't that mean my *pure fiber tendrils* are like low grit sandpaper up... your... *OH FIBER!*, h-how much pain am I putting you-”

“No, *Gods NO*... What I get from those is *VERY* different. Mostly the quite intense pleasurable-bubbling-toe-curling-feeling of your desires that bleeds over into my walls from the i-inside..... P-Physically they are something similar to velvet? Always soft as your skin, and never cold and stinging like *them*... Falling asleep a tangled mess of red with you in the early hours of the morning regularly is one of life's little pleasures.”

“...So that's why you just viciously felt up my *Me-wrapped-tits* like a deranged subway molester in heat?”

“Mmmm Probably~. Do remember I am no lesser creature Imouto, I am perfectly capable of controlling myself. *Speaking of which*-”

“Oh Fuck no... I know where this is going...”

“You'll just have to put up with it while they are here, dear.”

“...Not even a little? *I can be quiet enough to fuckin blow a load in a boardroom*...”

“It's called courtesy Imouto. May I remind you that you possess exceptionally enhanced hearing?”

“Sooo?...”

“*Sooo* does *at least two* of our friends to a lesser extent...”

“And?... It's not some massive secret we've got a sex life. Heh, fuck knows Mako's been studyin books excessively to “educate me” on “safe-sex-for-lesbians”. I just don't have the heart to tell her *I've... been doing this since I was fourteen*...”

“... Back to my point, For everyone's well being it has been brought to my attention that Gamagori is... loud.”

“Fiber-fucking-hell *I did not need that*...”

“Mmmhmm. And that is why when company is over, *no one copulates*. I tell you what though, afterwords if you're good I'll make it up with a *day off~?*”

“... Like a day or a *Day*?....”

“Hmm~ twenty-four-whole-hours to do *whatever*~ you want, and does it *really* matter? It's not like we would just stop for any unjustifiable reason. *You're just too good to give up*~.”

“.... With that in mind.”

“...Hmm?”

“And being open...”

“Mmmhmm?”

“Would now be a good time toooo.... *confess*?”

“Mmmhmmm.”

“So.... so I may or may not, *hypothetically*, have been... *Getting off with specific bits-of-your-laundry*.....f-for a while...when I couldn't... y-you know, w-with.... *You*.”

“*You... With. My*.....?”

“.....*y-yeah*...”

....*sigh*... "That's... actually a little disgusting...”

“....I'm-”

“In the interest of... *hygiene*.....”

“....” *She's not*...

“If I'm too busy to...with...I've h-heard that t-this not an uncommon.... J-Just... a-ask? I- I did say I can be... *accommodating*...”

“.....You would-” *SHE IS!?*

“I *did* looking back rather unwisely say, *ANYTHING*, If t-that's really what y-you... Just... put them in my hamper afterwards... for..me?”

“....so...So If I a-asked you *right now*....”

“*Fufufufu~ Are you THAT insatiable Ryuko~*?”

“You- YOU DON'T HAVE TO- I m-mean I k-know it's k-kinda *way* out there-” She's running thumbs up- *HOLY FUCKING SHIT SHE'S DOING THIS*!

“*Such easy access*... Would this be why you're always wearing such scandalously short skirts?... I s-still have reports to finish in my study, so I can't-... you are *Oh so very, VERYYY odd*. But that's why I love you.”

“.....”

“Um, t-they're p-pretty much still s-soaked... although I t-think that's w-what *you* want? In s-such-.... H-Here... *Knock yourself out, Imouto~*. I-I'll be in my study.”

After all of that... And she still... Fiber she got seriously wet... That pink dusted face. SHE'S NOT PUTTING ON ANOTHER!..... Fiber that ass is just gonna be in a skirt I c-completely ruined~. How THE FUCK am I still- WHY IS SHE SOOO HOT~~ "I DON'T FUCKING DESERVE YOU!!"

"...I have reports to read before my migraine gets worse and an internal review of my life's decisions to conduct. I mean this in the nicest way possible Imouto. *Just kindly fucking-fuck yourself with my already fucked-filthy grool-rag so you can get back to your fucking work...* Try not to make a mess dear. *Please?.....*"

FUUUUuuuuccccKKK~~~!!.....F-F-Fucking~... F-Fiber~~.... I'm... I'm n-not gonna... s-survive her......H-Hello floor. Y-You...*Hahhh~~..* come here o-often...

"I heard a fall- RYUKO!? Are you ok?"

"M-My... Cunt h-hurts.... b-but.... it h-hurts good~...."

"What am I ever going to do with you. Lets get you to bed. Please retract your bits so it's easier to carry you my sexually fueled glow stick."

"....."

"Ryuko? I didn't mean you should LITERALLY knock yourself-"
sigh.
"No little vines I am not getting in the... No I have... Oh whatever. I suppose a nap won't... hurt..."

Gather the horsemen

Chapter Summary

> SANAGEYAMA! YOU SHOULD HAVE PACKED ALREADY! WE SHALL BE LATE!

Three whole weeks in the Kiryuin residence. Three weeks with some of the most irritating people on Earth. Why the fuck did I agree to- *Three weeks to observe the odd couple in their natural, uninhibited, habitat...* Okay that was probably it... Focus. Keys? Check. Fridge empty? Check. Valuables locked up, extra berets, shit ton of extra Tylenol, coat full of hidden daggers... I wonder how touchy-feely they are when there are no security camera- FOCUS. I'm fucking forgetting something. What am I... LAPTOP! *WOO*, Yeah let's not leave *that* for a snooping house cleaner to find. At least Dog knows when not to bark. I have a fucking reputation to keep. Now where is Toad-

“BEEEEEP BEEEEP!!! BEEEP BEEEEP!!! POW POW!!!!”

“OH MY GOD, STOP! I HEARD IT ALREADY! That horn is obnoxious.”

“Hellooo Nonononononon-san! I'm not a horn silly! Are you drinking your milk? You still need to grow big and strong! Gamagori always drinks his milk.”

“Underachiever.... *Kill me now.*”

“Self termination is ill-advised Jakuzure. Especially when there is a schedule to keep.”

“Chipper as ever I see Toad. Let's get this shit show on the road.”

“LANGUAGE!”

“*Don't push me you oversize-sailor-scout.*”

“HOW DID YOU KNOW NONONONONON-San! Gamagori-Senpai makes a great sailor scout! We do that every month-”

“WE NEED TO BEGIN MOVING! Come along Mako. Cars out front, let me grab those bags.”

“Where we going next?”

“Inumuta's apartment.”

“*Could be worse...*”

.
.
.

“Sufficient wardrobe for any eventuality?”

“Packed.”

“Power banks?”

“Charged, chargers also packed. Adapters just in case as well.”

“Phone?”

“*Like you have to ask.*”

“Second phone?”

“I just said-”

“*Backup phone*?”

“.....Umm...”

“Here, I figured you would miss one. Found it nearly dead.”

“...Thanks... You sure you can't come Shiro?”

“Unfortunately I really can't. Need to put in One-hundred-and-ten percent in the department. You know how close we are to falling behind targets. Which reminds me, give this packet to Lady Ryuko. She has even more work than I do...”

“A binder of technical data?”

“Templates I could come up with for adapting the handful of Fiber stitching basics I could learn from her. She is rather unfortunately not a patient educator...”

“*THIS* is all just the basics!? With this kind of volume why not just send a pdf?”

“It's immensely complicated work utilizing multiple layers, and she refuses to use anything digital. Her department is stuck using pencils and hard copy files.”

“I understand the need for secrecy on this stuff, but everything? That's *Barbaric*.”

“Yet somehow extremely efficient. Even if she won't willingly say so she's most *definitely* a Kiryuin. Ryuko runs a very tight ship from what I've seen, and they rarely have downtime because of it.”

“*....HEY! HEY NERDS! SEND US CAPTAIN-BLUEBERRY-CRUNCH!....*”

“*...I LOVE CAPTAIN CRUNCH NONON-SAN!*”

“*...PLEASE. SHUTUP!...*”

“*...OKAY!...*”

“Cya soon Houka. Go, before she blows a gasket. And stay safe.”

“It's just a few weeks. How bad could it get?”

“They get into minor trouble all the time at work, I shudder to think what the home front could be like. Good luck soldier.”

.
.
.

“So are we going to draw straws or should I load a dice app...”

“I'm not leaving the safety of this car and going anywhere near that fucking deathtrap-dojo.”

“LANGUAGE!”

“And we have the right man for the job! Thanks for volunteering big guy.”

“I-”

“Doing your duty as usual, a level of dedication we should all aspire to.”

“Truly. Toad is an inspiration of work ethic for the ages.”

“...FINE. I WILL COLLECT HIM.”

.
.

“...Sanageyama? HELLO!? WE WILL BE LATE FOR THE APPOINTED ASSEMBLY TIME!”

“THINK FAST MICHALANGELO! *HIYAAAAAAA*!!!”

“WHAT-... SANGEYAMA! STOP DESTROYING YOUR OWN DOMICILE AND PACK!”

“...owww... *COMEON* man. The hell you duck for? Now I need to fix this table I landed in.”

“THIS IS NOT THE TIME FOR CREATIVE MARTIAL ARTS TRAINING. MOVE!”

“It's always time to try kicking ass.”

“ARE YOU READY TO GO?”

“I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK! PUT UM UP!”

“*UGHhhh*... SO BE IT. I APOLOGIZE IN ADVANCE!”

.
.

“So how bout a bet Dog?”

“*Another one?*”

“Yeah, I got a beer on Toad kicking his ass out the front door.”

“Hmm. I double that, on the wall.”

“*The wall*?”

“The wall.”

“*Uhh... ok*. It's your fucking money man, shit.”

“Ye of little faith. I would clear the windows if I were you.”

“Why are you ducking under the back row?... Do you hear that?”

“Hear what Nonon-San?”

“The screamin- *HOLYFUCKINGSHIT!!!* GET DOWN COCONUT!”

“*OHMYGOSH*! When did MR.Sanageyama-San become the kool-aid man!”

“*GGHHHYYAAAAAAA!!!!.....AHhhhh shit!*.... Damn... What that man has, is truly one punch strength....”

“*The... wall...*”

“*THE WALL!* Always bet on the wall.”

“...I still hate you Dog. *SOoooo much*... The shit you wearing monkey!?”

“H-Hello Snake... all three of you...”

“LANGUAGE!!! Get in the car Uzu. I will pay for the damages. Inumuta stow these bags.”

“Is he going to be ok or do I already need to call an ambulance?”

“*...YOU CAN'T STOP THE DEMON LORD PIC- HURK*!... S-Sweet rims Toad, new Sport utility?”

“IIIINNN!!!!”

“*AHHH!!!* I'm going, shit...”

“*UZU*.”

“Yeah, yeah... *Language*.”

“I believe you owe me two drinks Snake.”

“*You planned this Dog*. I don't know how... But you did.”

“Me? *Never*. Welcome aboard the back of the insanity train, Monkey.”

“TRAIN!? But Blueberry-San I thought this was Gamagori's car! Are we taking a train too! I love trains!”

“Don't mind her, she's harmless today. *Mostly*. Why the purple getup?”

“I will challenge Son Goku to single combat! She finally can't say no. Not while defending her own home turf.”

“....Have you sustained any significant head trauma recently Uzu?”

“Na man, I'm good. Weighted turban took the brunt from that wall hit.”

“.....”

“Whaaat? I got em to train LIKE A TRUE WARRIER!”

“*Oh my god*. Monkey. Please shut up for the rest of this ride so I can hear my FU-Freaking Bach.”

“...Soo...What you get up to Ira?”

“CONCENTRATING ON DRIVING!”

“...What up Houk-”

“Maybe later.”

“.....Mako?”

“I'm licensed to be a nurse!”

“That sounds... Useful.”

“I know! No patients dying much on my watch!

“...Uh...*Much?*”

“Also I'm learning about reproductive health! I'm making sure Ryuko-chan is being safe and not making babies with Satsuki-sama until they're both ready for the responsibility.”

“*FOR THE LAST TIME UNDERACHIEVER! TWO GIRLS CAN'T MAKE BABIES!*”

“Well... with some proper equipment, after harvesting genetic material from two females one could theoretically create a fertilized-”

“Shut. Up. Dog. *Don't encourage It*.”

“JAKUZURE!”

“*...Her.*”

“But their not just *girls* Nonon-san! They're *women*! And women can make babies. And Ryuko-chan can do anything she puts her mind to! Like putting on her sexy panties and impregnating her sis-”

“M-MANKASHOUKU!”

“Yes Senpai!”

“TRAVEL SNACKS!”

“OH YEAH! I packed extra bentos! Eat up guys! We've got five more hours of fun!”

“*...But...But... Two vaginas? Even I know that...*”

“*...I told you Uzu, mostly.*”

“*....Got it...*”

A Proper Fit

Chapter Summary

Sewing in progress.
DON'T FUCKING DISTURB.
That means you.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It's been hours... nothing to do.... “Sooo... this place they got goin on is pretty big?”

“No they *obviously* live in a postage stamp sized pod house built from bricks of money. Please *hesitate* in continuing to point out the obvious Monkey.”

“I'm just sayin man! *heh... Sayin...* Soo... Anyone hyped for the new hidden dragon movie?”

“Toad, please pull over *so I can get back there and strangle him*.”

“He would survive undoubtedly. AND NOT IN THE CAR!”

“Uzu's attempts at small talk aside the grounds from what I gleaned in the documentation is indeed more grand than I expected from our Lady. An impressive privacy wall covered in hedge, centrally located hybrid traditional-modern two story building with an entrance on the front and pair of rear wings, grounds canopied in trees... No idea how they got the go ahead for it. Supposedly no hired groundskeepers to maintain the property, they do it all themselves.”

“Ryuko-chan's house is HUGE?! And she cleans it? So it's like a castle, only royal people live in castles! She's like a princess now!”

“Red, *a princess... HAHAHA*!”

“I watched Cinderella! Everyone can be a princess if they try hard enough!”

“Actually Mako's not far off. To use the western terminology Lady Satsuki was our *Queen Regnent*. Now it does not leave our circle, but they *are* related, so Ryuko would have been the princess had she *joined us* at Honnouji. But they were instead joined as partners, thus moving the former Matoi into the position of *Queen Consort*, the wife of the sitting Regent. As for the legitimacy of reign... While they have thrown away the position of Life fiber favoritism the Kiryuins were probably royalty at some point or another due to it's influence.”

“I am *NOT* taking orders from the *Queen-of-quilts*, Dog.”

“EHHHHH?!?!! RYUKO-CHAN IS RYUKO-SAMA!?”

“If we were to be accurate to the roles we filled in as retainers, probably? I know information systems more than monarchical court titles. What say you *Mr. Rules and regulations*. This was your forte.”

“...O-Our Lady took a hand in marriage. *No matter what anyone thinks*...”

“*Bite me... I will admit they're hot as hell together, AND THAT'S ALL YOU'RE GETTING*!”

“...They are to each other as complete equals in life until death. We who would be beneath our Lady must therefore allow the respect for the position of her significant other *without question... Lady* Ryuko, is Lady Ryuko.”

“*Jesus* Toad, you're about to crush the wheel. *Calm the hell down*.”

“SHE MUST BE SHOWN RESPECT AS *THE LADY* FOR OUR LADY! BUT SHE DOES NOT KNOW HOW TO BE A PROPER LADY! OR SHE IS OTHERWISE REFUSING TO BE ONE! SHE IS A DEVIANT IN A CROWN!... *It vexes me greatly*.”

“Toad, *You're one to talk about being a deviant.*”

“T-THAT'S P-PRIVATE!... Lady Ryuko takes her *DEBAUCHERY* into the public eye through her lascivious wardrobe!”

“*That's kinda sorta part of her JOB, you idiot*. She's hyping the *shimapan* off of people to buy their product, *and it's working*. Wait till the interview they did gets printed. There was a cover photo taken of the three of them, and if Red's *infamous outfit* showed any more skin they would have had to sleeve the magazines. Going by the transcript I'm very positive that Satsuki is educating the silk-strumpet on all there is to know on being a proper individual in society at least. She's also more than likely introducing our Lady to every way there is to do the horizontal fling at about the same rate. *And then some considering the “opportunities” they have...*”

“They're throwing things sideways Nononon-San? Bowling can be fun! You get those nice stinky shoes and you get to throw heavy balls until they smack into things!”

“Considering we actually know for a fact they both have clams, and Reds *probably not a futa*. That's not a really good analogy coconut, probably more like wrestling a horny calamari.”

“They have seafood? Seafood while bowling's great too! I prefer cheese fries though.”

“*...They're having SEX coconut for brains. We're talking about sex.*”

“OHHHhhh! That's fun too! Right Senpai-”

“W-WE'RE H-HERE!”

“YAAAAY!”

“*Nice timing Toad.*”

“....”

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.
.

“Satsuki-Sama! Satsuki-Sama! Satsuki-SaAAAAMAAAAAAA!”

“Good evening Mako, I see you're as energetic as ever. And I've told you multiple times the honorifics are not needed.”

“But Satsuki-Sama is Satsuki-Sama!”

“Mmm~. *Very well*... I take it the rest of you are fine enough?”

“ALL PERSONNEL ACCOUNTED FOR ON TIME, and intact. MA'AM!”

“*Really now~?*”

“I-Is there a problem ma'am?”

“I don't see *everyone~*?”

“.....WHERE IS UZU!”

“Shi-... He was right here! Dog you put a fu-flippant tracker on him yet?”

“I didn't get the chance what with Mako's bouncing between seats...”

“Did he have something important to do that any of you are aware of?”

“...HE WAS GOING TO CHALLENGE LADY RYUKO TO SINGLE COMBAT.”

“That... would be an unwise decision of *cataclysmic proportions* at this time. Nonon please go upstairs and insure he survives, sixth door on the right. *And do play nice*.”

“On it. *Stupid monkey, stupid shoulder pads*...”

“The rest of you please take the bags and follow me to the left guest wing.”

“YES MA'AM!”

“Please use your indoor voice Ira.”

“*Yes ma'am*...”

“And *Ma'am*? I might have settled down, but *I'm not that old yet~* .”

“....*Lady Satsuki*...”

“*Fufufu~*”

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.
.

Nice décor. Sixth door, sixth door, Some yelling... *Rude sign*. Yup this is probably it- *WHOA* tentacle city.

“*No, No, NO, no..... NO, NO, NOOO! WHERE THE FUCK IS IT! I saw it fiber-fucking yesterday...*”

“Problem, Red?”

“FUCK- Oh... it's you... *FUCK*!”

“*Nice warm welcome you got there*. What in the shit are you doing in here, becoming a maypole? ...Are you wearing *anything*?” Sooo she just causally works half... naked... *Sweet Jesus that profile.*

“I'm trying to find a fucking specific fucking body that fucking matches a- *waiiittt a second... You... You might be perfect...*”

“W-W-What!?” I'm perfect??? *Body*!? WHAT?...

“What's yer cup and band sizes?”

“E-EXCUSE ME?!!” She's- *SHE'S CHECKING ME OUT*!?

“Come here for me, I'll measure you up.”

“.....” W-W-WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING!? SHE'S NAKED AND IN A MOOD!?

“I don't have time for standin like this Pinky. You won't come 'ere fer me I'll just drag you here.”

“*....eep!..*” OH SHIT! FEET OFF THE FLOOR! *AGAIN* SHE'S SERIOUSLY GETTIN THIS ON!?! Well she's not one to be slow on anything...

“Stop fuckin squirmin and hyperventilatin! I'm not gonna deepthroat your shit this time. *Unless you start being annoyin.*”

SHE WANTS MY ASS NOW!? OH GOD~ I SHOULD HAVE WORN SOMETHING BETTER! *CALM DOWN*, she can't- what's she actually want? “The f-fuck are y-you doing Red!”

“I need your body. Hold still would ya.”

My body... SHE NEEDS ME FOR MY BODY! *HOLY SHIT~! IT'S HAPPENING!!* I DON'T EVEN-... “...b-be g-gentle...”

“Yeah, yeah... Nothing too rough... *pussy*.”

SHE'S- FUUUU~ Shirts gone- BRA'S GONE! OH YES~ YESSS~ *She's... a-all... o-over me~~!*

“*...Five? No... not a seven...* Sixty-five B, Perfect! Uh, Hang in there. *Not that you could probably move right now but... still*.”

She b-backed off a l-little... *She's~... a d-damn p-professional~~... at this... holy shit~~! T-That ASS~!...*

“Mmmmhmmm~ Mmmmhmmhmmhmmmmm~ Mmmm- *There's the thread...*”

T-Thread?

“Breath in for me, hold it deep...”

W-Why woul- IT'S.. O-ON... A-AGAIN~~...

“Haven't actually done this on flesh before... lemme know if I puncture through ya. An don't start bleedin that would be... inconvenient.”

She~... w-won't s-stop if I b-bleed!? S-SHIIIIT~~!...

“*Fiber you're tense. Relax your shoulders before I hurt you. Again...*”

S-She's r-running all O-Over~ my... AHHhh~~ SHHHITttt~~!!... N-Need~ t-to h-hold on f-for h-her~~... h-huh? S-She stopped?... *W-WHY!*

“There. *Not too bad at all...*”

“.....” She...

“Pinkette?”

S-She..... She f-fitted me for... for a b-bra?..... Ohhhhhhh..... She's a lingerie d-designer... and w-working... *right... Fuck*.

“*OH! Right a mirror.* Have a look. What ya think? I'm pretty sure it's fuckin fine.”

“... Red... why-...”

“....Eh?”

“This.... This is a-actually pretty f-fucking n-nice... *WHY THE FUCK IS IT SO NICE?*”

“What? You doubted my ability to give you the best Fiber-Damned-fitting of your life? Fuck that! Nobody can do my kinda accurate measuring shit. And no one makes better.”

OF COURSE SHE WAS NOT GONNA FUCK YOU DIPSHIT!..... I'm Stupid... Whatever... I mean... this is actually still nice...

“*Wellll*?....”

“...I got nothing to complain about Red... I a-admit it... y-you're fucking good for *SOMETHING* after all...”

“Hmmm... Oi, why are you all red faced?”

UHHH....“W-Where's my shirt... and s-stuff... T-This is a-awkward...”

“*Like you're ever modest*...”

“FUCK OFF! Where's my shirt.”

“That old shit in that disgusting shade of neon pink? Didn't give a fuck about it, trashed it.”

“YOU FUCKING WHAT!?”

“Destroyed em, I could tell from just lookin at you they were both some cheap ill-fittin shit from a box store.”

“... WHAT THE FUCK AM I SUPPOSED TO WEAR YOU INSENSITIVE-IRISH LINEN!!”

“Calm your tiny-tits I'm-”

“*You literally just measured me for average*...”

“*Stuff it like yer dress collection, I'm tryin ta be nice*... I already gave you a replacement for the push-up demi. Lemme grab some stuff and get the shirt done.”

“...I'm... keeping this?”

“*YES, that's why it's on your body still shrimp-shit.* I just needed to know what the fit looked like on an actual torso... *Now where is.... No... There's my button box*.”

“... Y-You, uh, g-gonna put on a shirt or something?”

“...*huh? Oh*, fuck no. This is my fucking house, *AND ROOM*. Not when I'm working especially. Why?”

“*B-BECAUSE YOU HAVE COMPANY!?* You could try to be decent for once... v-velvet-vagrant.”

“*Its not like we were not all butt-ass naked for a while for one reason or another*... Besides look where my extra helpers are comin out of.”

“...Your upper arms and t-thighs?”

“Yeah. Now what happens if I cover that?”

“...You can't use them without making holes in your shit... like when you tried *to kill me*?”

“BINGO! WE HAVE A WINNER! Havin all six available makes makin shit easier... *Eyebrows wants me lookin into creatively side-slit skirts fer the office, just don't have the time...* Stand there. Now I can't wear it fer long But it's more than fine fer everybody else I guess... alright, where was... *Here's that Carnation cotton roll*.”

“Um, does it not take a fuck ton of time to do this kinda custom shit?”

“*Pssshh! For amateurs maybe~.* I essentially got eight hands goin on here compact-conductor, could probably set speed records for simple things. *Now hold REAL still...*”

“W-Why the fuck is a tentacle using *THE scissors*, those can cut sheet metal!? AND YOU'RE NOT USING YOUR ACTUAL HANDS?! Or... even looking at me? The fuck does that work?”

“Button down blouses are stupid easy Pinkenator. I've made enough of them to make em with my eyes closed. The Copy of that bra for the show however... The cups alone took a bit more time an effort. The shit yer wearin was in pieces before, really just needed to be adjusted and assembled...”

“T-This is a runway item? But it's not *that* crazy... kinda conservative actually...”

“Yeah, we're REAL behind. Eyebrows nixed like twenty designs in plannin so far. *Too much boob showin through the lace, too Risque, Absolutely nothing crotchless....* Over, and over, and over...”

“..... F-For the. Uh, record do you maybe... *sorta... wear that kinda shit*?”

“*How the fuck I'm suppose to make racy showpiece lingerie NOT risque is*- What? Sometimes, *why*?”

“*....J-Just a-asking... n-no r-real reason...*”

“So yeah those are Red Labels, take care of em... *Done, lets see...* Better cut, better fit, and a shade of pink that doesn't rape my eyes! Yer welcome troll-doll.”

“...Ummm... Thank... You?... Red. *I guess*.”

“It'll impress any fucker yer tryin 'ta fuck guaranteed! *Fiber knows you'll need it*.”

“...E-Exactly how many of these have you m-made? The label shits.”

“Sats got a full *outfit*, I got like thirty sets, and a gown I could probably fit into a purse... Supposed to replace Eyebrows drawer contents with em actually at some point. *Haven't, uh, gotten to THAT fitting yet...* An some ten-ish things so far for the show.”

“H-How much would... you know....f-for a couple more, be?”

“*Like em that much already~?*”

“NO!... *I mean... Ughhh... yes...*”

“*Wellll*... Eyebrows says when I'm takin commissions eventually I'm suppose to charge something like five-hundred U.S, minimum, per piece. Or somethin in that ballpark.”

“.....”

“*Hmmmmm* she probably won't mind a steep *Friends and Family* discount, *If we can even call it that*. When I find time maybe I'll make some for cost. Say... why the shit are you here anyway? Can't you read?”

“I was fucking invited maybe? Or did you forget already Batik-brain?”

“I meant *HERE*, shortstop.”

“...I'm supposed to warn you that Monkey's disappeared on us and he wanted to fight you. But you fucking molested me into a new level of wardrobe before I could say that.”

“....*He wants to what*?”

“I quote, *To fight you in single*-”

“HIYAAAAAAA!!!!”

“WHAT THE- MY FUCKING WINDOW YOU ASS! How the fucking-fuck did you get on the roof!?”

“SON GOKU I HAVE COME TO CHALLENGE YOU-.... That's a lot of red string everywhere.... Were you changing? Is this a bad time? I can go back up a bit and restart when you're ready?”

“*...Broken glass tearing through forty hours of work... you just broke a form*...”

“MONKEY! RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING LIFE!”

“why?”

“*NINJA TURTLE YOU'RE GOING TO PRAY TO THE FIBER FOR A QUICK DEATH*!!!”

“WOO!!! YEAH!! NOW IT'S ON! COME AT ME- *OW*!! You can't use those! NO FAIR! NO FAIR! *OH SHI*-”

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.
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“All the rooms ready to go ma- Lady Satsuki.”

“Any sign of our missing warriors?”

“I haven't seen Ryuko-chan anywhere!”

“Nonon has not returned from her task with Sanageyama in tow, so I'd say with pretty good odds that she has failed to stop an altercatio-”

“*....OH GOD MAKE HER STOP!!!...*”

“*....YER NOT GETTIN AWAY THAT EASY!!! INTO THE GROUND YOU GO SHIT-DICK!!!...*”

“*Sounded like*... Backyards this way... *So it begins*.”

.
.
.

“YOU!... LITTLE!... NAMEKIAN!... SHIT!... STAIN!!!!”

“I- *OW*!!!... *OWWWW*!!!!.... HOLY-..... *OWWWWW*!!!!! I YIELD, I- *Agkk... YIELD*!!!!!”

“*Ryukooo~* I'm sure he deserved it, but don't get so vigorous with him. *Save that straddling for me hmm~.*”

“.....*Fine*....”

“*Mmmhmm~*. Good evening Sanageyama, doing a bit of star gazing? I apologize if that might be difficult due to the foliage cover.”

“...Evenin.... Lady... Satsuki... ... *where am I*...”

“At the bottom of a roughly meter deep crater, *in the middle of my spice garden*, at present. Will you require help in extracting yourself from the unfortunately upturned soil?”

“.... Maybe.... *Probably, took a knee real hard to the chest*...”

“Ira, the downstairs bath to the left of the door we took outside has a first aid kit. Please extract and clean him up there.”

“...Hey, big guy!...”

“Is anything broken Uzu?”

“...My pride.... maybe a rib.... *or three*...”

“An acceptable loss, LET'S GO UZU.”

“*GAHH!!* Easy on the bruises...”

“*Yer lucky it's not holes through yer head cavity, fucker*.”

“Like his head actually contains anything you could damage Red.”

“*Fair point*.”

“Imouto, would you two happen to be getting along amicably for once~?”

“....Eh... I *WAS* in a good mood...”

“...Red has nice... clothes....”

“*Hmm~ Considering she isn't wearing any at the moment...*”

“....”

“I'm assuming you're referring to what looks like a new shirt? *She does have fast hands~*.”

“I can explain Lady Sa-”

“RYUKO-CHAN! RYUKO-CHAN! RYUKO-CH-...”

“Mako! hey! Somethin wrong? Normally you'd be all over me by now, and never just standin there...”

“*Holy bazongers Ryuko-SAMA!* See Nononon-San! Definitely a woman. *Ryuko-chan is all grown up*! This is why we need our milk just to compete!”

“*FuFufufufu~* Well this is certainly new.”

“*OK strawberry-short-cake*, what in the actual fuck have you people done to her!?”

“Don't pin that drivel on me! She's been rambling for *HOURS* about that. Tell her Dog.”

“Unfortunately I must vouch for this.”

“*Dog what do you mean unfortunately!*”

“She simply refuses to acknowledge your physiological limitations in any context. Before any lengthy discussion occurs though might I recommend moving everyone indoors? Privacy wall or not a great deal of noise was generated in your brief, *rather one sided*, altercation. Our great *Ryuko-Sama* is sporting a very under-dressed and *unearthly appearance* that we are specifically trying very hard to keep under wraps. While I have your attention though, here. A packet from Iori that should help speed things up. Come along Mako let's find the kitchen and all that milk you want.”

“YEAH!”

“Eh? Oh.. *OH THIS!*... Shit... alright. Back to work...”

“*Hmm~*. My little Imouto all grown up? I'm not so sure, she is still such a child sometimes. *If she loved my breasts any harder you would think I was nursing a child at least*. And yet... *Well, she is QUITE developed in allll the right places~*.”

“B-B-BACK TO WORK!” *Don't-Think-About-It, Don't-Think-About-It, Don't-Think-About-It.....*

.
.

“Um not to tell y-you how you should be living your *unusual life*. I mean I don't entirely know the dynamic you guys got going on, but uh should you be turning on her waterworks while she's *outside and not in pants*, Satsuki?”

“It would be exceptionally rude on my part to converse about her rather... *personal eccentricities* behind her back. Suffice to say though that it's precisely the *BEST* time Nonon, and we can leave it at that.”

“.....”

“*Mmmm~*, Please pay no mind to our little *games* Nonon. My precious Imouto just needs some *motivation* to get through this *rough time* in her life. Now that the crisis has been settled I'd recommend unpacking, bags are in front of your room. I unfortunately need to go check on the in progress destruction of our food preparation facilities.”

"...Will do."

Chapter End Notes

Sooo many formatting errors. Probably missed something needed somewhere.

Currently looking like one more chapter to go.

Apocalypse... what happened now?

Chapter Summary

Do not bleach, Hand wash only, Tumble dry.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Moonlight from a cloudy sky filled the white walled master bedroom, reflection of the pale disk intermittently reflected on waxed dark wood flooring. A lone figure lying in a queen size bed, her fingers occasionally dancing across soundless keys. Brows furrowed while heavy eyes carefully scan pages of text, until interrupted. Shocks of deep red vibrantly illuminating the partially open doorway, and the surprised face poking inside.

"*Why the fuck are you*- The *shit* you doin up at *THIS* hour? You're the one always tryin to wake up at six."

"Just casually reading some things I've come across while waiting for my Imouto to finally grace our bed with her *divine presence*. I should be asking you the same."

"Well *She* had shit to do, that you told me needed doin, for the show. So I've been gettin it done."

"If my assumptions are correct you have not slept in days to accomplish this?"

"This *form* let's me ignore sleep. *Among other things*. An it's still less flashy than *full fuckin Goldilocks*."

"*But I love your golden glow~*, especially when it stays here. You are aware that casually going around under full activation would be rather difficult to explain to members of the former militia if they saw you. *I can't even imagine what they might attempt to do if they learned you're fully functional.*"

"Fuck them I'm not hurtin nobody. I have full control. An it's real useful to invoke at will. *Hair lighting not withstandin*. Seriously how the fuck did The Bitch live like this *all the fuckin time*? It's like having light-bulbs strapped to yer face."

"With a veritable army of butlers my dear, actually doing things was far beneath Her."

"Is that why we can't have maids?"

"Not necessarily. Housework keeps people honest. No excessive decadence is good for the soul. *At least that's what I've read*."

“We sleep on a bed that costs more than most *cars*.”

“Would you prefer to sleep on wood planks? *You don't seem to mind much*.”

Fully entering the room she elected to put a small box of needles away instead of answering.

“More importantly it's because I don't wish to explain the existence that is *You* to any potential staff. *Again, it would be difficult*. We manage well enough as it is.”

“*Right.*”

“Do shut the door so we don't wake anyone up far down the hall. And if my eyes do not deceive me you're still wearing pants today? *Might be a new record this month~*.”

“I did *not* need the not-so-jolly giant's passive aggressive shit talkin. *Proper lady my ass, I'm plenty woman...* Workin while the disaster squad's dickin around is kinda infuriatin.”

“Normally I would refute this claim with their records of dependability, loyalty, and devotion. *Buuuut* there have indeed been, *incidents*, probably slowing down you progress.”

“*Yeah*. So I marathon'd work every night this week. Took a shit ton of effort, but all ten sets are now done to yer consumer spec. No need to explain crazy alien stitchin stuff to the reporters, *just super-crazy-off-the-wall regular stuff*. Now I can focus on enjoyin the time off. *Finally*.”

A soft hum of agreement while putting the powered down device into the nightstand on her left. “Sounds like exceptionally good news to me.”

“Hell I could keep going honestly.”

“Nonsense, every machine biological or otherwise requires some variation of a down cycle. *Your regenerating-regal-rear included*.”

“....”

“Now that you're done, *and have been sufficiently flustered into silence*, are you finally joining me once again? *Don't make me beg.*”

Bobbing red illumination paused on it's way around the room to the corner bath. “You want it *That* bad as well?”

“*Mmmm~* I still can't do lewd things with you, Imouto.” She gave a pat on the bed to her right. “You *Will* join me either way though, I won't accept a no.”

“*Or what~*? Yer not gonna haul my ass like a caveman anytime soon.”

“Resorting to physical violence would be excessively crude, and as I've told you before, *oh so very rude*. I will, *however*, pout at you until you finally do so. *I know you can see in the dark my dear.~*”

“*Fiber-fuckin*- Please stop. It looks *wrong* when yer blowing your cheeks out... *like, shit*.”

“*After everything I do for you is a cuddle too much to ask*~?”

“No it's... Was gonna wash the sweat off first... But fuckin-”

“You're finally hygienic enough to skip a night, and *there will be no butt-fucking thank you very much*.”

“....”

“*Pleeeease*?”

“...Not even gonna let me go a door down to grab clean-”

“You specifically have a pair *built in already*.”

“But those are-”

“I. Don't. Care. *Ryuko, get out of those clothes and over here so I can sleep on you already*.”

“*Fuckin grabby-hands even?...* Rather undignified there, *Lady-Eyebrows*~.”

“I don't need dignity when I have *You* to myself in private. *Fuck knows I can absolutely scream obscenity for you if motivated*~.”

“*Fiber... I give up*, but don't complain if it smells tomorrow. You asked for this.”

Clothes were pealed off and discarded in a sloppy pile at the foot of the bed. Crimson glow half disappeared under the far end of the comforter and pushed it's way up to the headboard while her skin deposited the requested similarly glowing garments upon itself. The now typical tangle of red was welcomed with open arms, a smile, and a retort.

“*Like we haven't gone to sleep in a sweaty-sticky mess illuminated by your literal afterglow multiple times before.*~”

“T-The best nightlight a woman can buy, *money back not guaranteed*.”

“Oh that is nothing to worry about. I'm thoroughly satisfied believe me. *Mmmmmm*~ I missed you. *And take the vines off my ass, I said no*.... Goodnight... Imou...to...”

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As daylight filled the room she could only smile at the older woman sleeping in for once. Leaving not an inch of almost completely exposed skin unattended to by a gentle rolling massage by thread. But it was not to last as an unfortunately familiar odor began to tickle the edges of her hyper sensitive nose. Accompanied by the door being assaulted by a panicked pounding soon after.

“*PLEASE GET UP! THERE IS AN EMERGANCY*!”

“....wha... *what's it? What's... goin on*... Imouto?...”

“*Don't get up*. I'll handle it, you look tired as fuck still.”

She only received a soft grunt in response as head of black dropped back down before rolling over to bury itself further in the bedding. Pulling herself free of the tangle, stretches were hastened. *Forgot to power down last night, better not to do so now either*. The smell was getting stronger and Sats would notice soon enough. So with a hop to the wall single door was wrenched open to a dumbstruck blond in ill-fitting pajamas, and quickly closed before the large man could disturb the rooms now single occupant further.

“L- L-... L-LADY R-RYUKO *WHAT* ARE YOU- *HOW* ARE YOU WEARING!?”

“*SHHHHHHH*! She's sleeping in. Walk and talk big man, I can smell the problem from here.”

Duty before dishonor above all else, he regained his senses quickly enough to catch up to the barely clad woman strutting down the hall. Red train coiling itself to keep out of the way as they started down the main stairs.

“I-It is with great regret I must inform you there has been an accident regarding the-”

“I can tell there's a fire. I need details man.”

“*H-How did*- APOLOGIES! Kitchen, pantry lit up, oven started, oil supply burning the contents!”

“In the backyard you'll find a tool shed by the north wall. It has spare chemical extinguishers for gas fires, take the green idiot with you.” He stopped and tried to clear his throat, only to be immediately screamed at. “STOP STANDING AND *GO*!”

“L-Lady Ryuko it snowed this morning, *heavily*.”

She finally stopped and half turned. Fibers fully awakening to an angry crimson glow, from head to fiber-stocking'd-toe. “*Annnd*?”

“I-It's over a meter and a half deep already.”

“*Then you better get moving on this job, right*?”

He saluted like days now far past. “I WILL NEVER FAIL MY DUTIES, LADY RYUKO!”

“There you guys areee...” A slack-jawed, Shirtless, Sanageyama stopped. And was roughly pushed aside by a Fiber line at the landing before being grabbed by the one man entourage.

“I WILL EXPLAIN THE PLAN ON THE WAY UZU, PREPARE YOURSELF FOR EXTREME WEATHER CONDITIONS!”

“THE FU-”

His strained yelp disappeared with the linebacker charge carrying him out a door in the back of the building, open to a wall of cold white fluff. Rounding the last corner Inumuta was somewhere in the far end of the room digging through cabinets while Nonon frantically swatted at patches of burning wood along the wall with soaking wet towels. Dancing in and out of range while in nothing more than a nightshirt. Discarded red cylinder spotted nearby.

“YOU FIND A SPARE EXTINGUISHER YET DOG!?”

“*OBVIOUSLY* NOT!”

“TRY HARDER I CAN'T BEAT THIS SHIT ALL DAY LIKE YOU BEAT YOUR MEAT!”

“I'm trying woman! I- *Ahh*, Lady Ryuko. We require immediate assistance in locatin-”

“FUCKING HELP US STOP THIS PLACE FROM BURNING DOWN!”

“*One house in a life is enough...* Glasses! Go to the library, east wing. One under the big desk.”

“On it!”

“Step aside fuchsia-fire-fighter. That ain't gonna do shit if it's oil, *you have to remove the source*.”

“The fuck were we supposed to do its a god damn inferno in ther- WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING!?”

Red light merged with orange tongues as she walked straight into the pantry that was currently a furnace of burning supplies. Moments later red-rocket-blur shot back out followed by a trail of fire and yelling out the doors, air pressure throwing the pinkette onto a counter.

“Found it- NONON!”

“I'll live, FUCKING SPRAY THAT SHIT DOG!”

While emptying the contents of the second extinguisher of the day into the pantry, two figures covered in snow ran in and added to the stream of powder. Several moments later and it was done.

“Where did Ryuko go snake?”

“Somewhere out back, she just fucking RAN in there, grabbed something, and shot the fuck out like a canon through the door these two fucks took.”

“LANG-”

“*DON'T START WITH ME BOYSCOUT!* It's too early for this...”

Several more moments of standing around checking for embers passed until a verbal mass of fire and brimstone trudged back in and shut the door.

"*Fiber-ow-fucking-ow-fuck-OW!*... d-deep... breaths... *Let's try not doing THAT again*..."

"Ma'am... are you alright?"

She leaned against the wall and slid to the floor grabbing her face, neck, and arms on the way down. "I f-forgot to reinforce... *HOLY-SHIT*.... hit the snow and it exploded in my face... burning oil *FIBER-DAMN-EVERYWHERE*! Regenerating flesh er not, *Fuck me*... Someone better have a *DAMN GOOD* explanation on why I just had to take a full upper body *Napalming*."

"Well a proper analysis would take some time. Off the cuff-"

"I want an answer not a fucking *dissertation* Blueberry."

"...Dry heated air, a leaking oil container most likely seeped through the wood toward a preheating oven. Instant flash point at some form of contact, oil fire spread to the rest of the dry goods stock. Insufficient number of extinguishers on hand to put it out in a timely manner. I recommend an automated chemical sprinkler installation in the future."

"Anyone hurt?"

"*C-Can't feel t-toessss*! I'm getting w-warm before anything e-else."

"I must check on Mankanshoku, she is still slumbering!"

"*That's two fucks down*."

"Suck it up monkey, we're fine enough Red. Not even gonna ask why you're all... *Fiber-y*? I'm going to get dressed. Dog, you fucked up, you're figuring out breakfast."

"This was an accident with parameters out of my control! I was already in the process of making muffins before physics conspired against us. It could be problematic now with just wet ingredients."

"We were nearing low on some stuff anyways...*Fuck it*. How bad's the snow actually? Didn't pay it much attention after my skin started half melting while regrowing around the *liquid fire*..."

"Over two meters expected coverage. You're not planning to go out there?"

"There's a store six blocks over, and a second a few more out. It's not like snow can fucking stop me. I'll grab a pair of my duffels and head out 'fore they get emptied. That doesn't pan out I'll move out further south till I find one. Have to restock on at least the basics if this is going to keep up for a while. You four have to start clearing snow out front though. Shovels should be in the same shed."

"Have eggs?"

“*Ha! That's a rather personal fuckin question man*.”

“Chicken eggs, *Lady Ryuko...*”

“Hmm... Something like four dozen I think? We've Used a couple.”

“Omelets should be doable then, I wish you luck. And... thanks for the save.”

“It's my fuckin job at this point. You fucks are not outta the woods yet though, yer still gonna tell Sat's where I went when she gets up. *And why*.”

“....”

Some time after *“Reindeer-Rudolph-Ryuko!”* set out into the blizzard for the front gate, their *Ice Queen* was up and about. She was not amused to put it mildly.

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As day turned to night the snow finally stopped falling. The *Penal squad* had been torn asunder by reprimand for the destruction of the pantry, and more critically, *allowing such level of harm to befall her Waifu*. She was personally occupied dutifully sweeping the front porch clear, waiting for the supply mission to return. Nearing eight, her wait was finally rewarded by a mass of semi-glowing mud flying past the trees, yelling an *“Aww hell”* before landing face first into a snow drift.

“RYUKO! W-What happened? You're a frozen mess! Come on, let's get you inside.”

“*Fiber, the best fuckin day ever Nee-san! That's what*... Mission fuckin accomplished though, we have food.”

Broom forgotten she hefted the pair of completely stuffed bags with one arm and half dragged the frozen woman inside with the other.

“These are also a mess, is the food in them even still edible?”

“Waterproof duffel bags Eyebrows, *I FUCKING TOLD YOU THEY WOULD BE USEFULL*!”

Releasing the laughing madwoman while dubiously shaking excess dirt off she unzipped one and indeed found it stocked with everything from rice to breading. Contents unbearably cold, but still otherwise pristine.

“Then I stand corrected. I'll leave a note for the others to sort these.”

“Then what are you gonna be doin?”

“You're a mud-popsicle so *I'm* going to give *You* a bath. Or at least w-wash your hair...”

“*You? Me? BATH!?...*”

“Drop your outer layers here and get up there before- *Where are your boots*?

“...I uh, lost em...”

“.... *Go*. I need to grab some things.”

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Both eventually reached the master bath. Nude younger constantly attempting to to talk the still clothed elder out of the situation.

“I can wash myself Nee-san, you really don't have to do this. I know you're not comfortable with-”

“Just s-sit on the stool so I can rinse off the bulk of it right now. You are coated in a filth at the moment that smells *horrendous*. It would take you forever to do this yourself. What substance is frozen in your hair exactly?”

“...Pond mud...”

“What on Earth happened to you over the last eleven hours that put you *at the bottom of a sizable body of dirty, most likely frozen over, water*?”

“So I got to the corner store right? They were closed. *Predictable I know*.”

A hum in agreement as Satsuki started the hot water shower head in her right. Using her off hand to tentatively break up large melting clumps marring red locks. “So you've spent a full day like this?”

“Yeah it was one disaster after another, so I didn't bother switching to low. Pretty sure people didn't give a fuck. Was good at keeping me warm too, *stupid hat wouldn't fit*.”

“...Is this *salt*?”

“Yeah... Kept headin south till I finally found a place outside of the *snow-pocalypse* goin on and loaded up both bags. I started back but a while in I saw a truck startin to slide down a hill backwards towards this old guy, an it's not like I could tackle him out of the way. So I stopped it.”

“Admirable, *problematic*, and I don't see how that-”

“It was a salt truck. The fuckin spreader was still goin the whole fuckin time in my face.”

“*From literal fire to chemical fire all in one morning, you poor thing*.”

“Oh it itches like all hell right now.”

“We'll get to it, hang in there. Continue?”

“So people started pullin out cameras- *Don't worry* I know, had my face covered by my scarf at least. Anyways I was jumpin from roof to roof headin back an away from the scene, right? Kilometers went by smoothly, until I hit that park we went to a few months back.”

“I take it that's where you found the mud?”

“Tried to cut across directly to save time, misjudged how much weight I was slingin behind me *by a bit*. Went straight through the ice in the middle of the place. Did you know the waters like five meters deep over there?”

“I know its rather trivial of me to say this, but you really shouldn't do such a thing dear. To get *This* messy though you must have been there a while for some reason?”

“I know, and no clue how long. It killed my watch. All I know for sure is it took a fuckin long-ass time to pull my legs out from knee deep pond-shit. Boots are most likely down there and permanently ruined. It helped blow the heat off my trail at least. Snow filled the hole on top, waited a bit longer, then walked to the far end. Punched my way up and out near shore an kept goin. Got to the wall, an you know the rest.”

“My poor Imouto, *what wrath hath been wrought upon you by the powers that be time and time again*. A-Alright that's the bulk down. G-Get in the bath. I MEAN, *please*, get...”

“You're really sure yer up to-”

“Yes. I will not let *IT* stop *me* from helping *you*. Logically this substance is causing you discomfort and I *WILL* help while able to do so. You went through quite a rough day to stop any of us doing the same or similar.”

With a small nod she finally got up and stepped into the large corner fixture that very rarely saw use. Steaming water came up to her chin as she slunk down, head resting on the wall of it to give easier access to her hair. Momentary Relaxation cut short by a request to dive under. She was going to wipe her eyes open after resurfacing, but was cut off.

“I do apologize if this is cold, *and I have no idea if it's safe for your mucus membranes so please, please, PLEASE don't open your eyes*. Lean forward... please?”

“...*Okay*? but what would- *WHAT THE SHIIII-*”

Hands vigorously started working the semi-liquid into a lather upon her head after the rest of the unknown containers contents was liberally poured into the bath water. Vines lashed out and started thrashing while she sputtered the foul blue concoction out of her mouth.

“Please stop making a mess, I'm *really not* supposed to be coated in this stuff.”

“EYEBROWS THE FU-....THE-... the... *fuck*? Fiber... *ohhh... that's, that's not half actually...Ahhhh... ahhh yesss~*”

Body stilled before slumping back, muscles relaxed completely. Her Limbs all dropped into the water as she moaned deeply. Basking in the liquid softness as it overtook her skin.

"*N-Nee-san~*...Fiber what is this shit... *It's fucking nice.*"

"*Mmmm~* A small gamble that paid off."

"eh?"

"Your strawberry shampoo, mixed with a significant amount of *fabric softener*."

".....Y-You did what?"

"I was prepared for the majority of my existence to care for Life fibers. Unorthodox origin or not, thread is thread and fabric is fabric. From Junketsu, to Senketsu, to... You."

"...Well fuck. *He* was right... Just, don't try to fuckin iron me yeah?"

"I don't think your flesh would appreciate it, so I won't."

"When did you even, you know, learn *this*?"

"*She* told me of the additives to the *Grand bath*. That substance was all hand mixed by some servant or another. This stuff from the store is of a much higher concentration, and most likely harsher for which I apologise, but similar enough for when there is no time to make such a thing myself."

"You're digging through shitty memories... for my sake... *again*. I'm-"

"I told you *NEVER* apologize for *what* you are. This was just a part of all the knowledge intended strictly for *ceremonies and other horse shit* to prepare for the destruction of humanity. I can, *and most assuradly will*, spit on those repugnant-responsibilities if it means I can better take care of my Ryuko with them. *And god it's doing wonders for your hair*. Which unfortunately means my part is done temporarily."

"What do you mean *temporarily*?"

"No matter how good it feels do not linger, and please rinse it off well. You can do that another time. *For now I'll be waiting in the bedroom*."

Fighting the urge to just soak in the liquid bliss she grabbed the soap and quickly scrubbed before washing it all off with a short shower. The confusion from Sat's words only growing when she found no towels or clothes provided in the small room. Even more so with the scene before her on the other side of the door. Perched at the end of the bed, which was completely layered in what must be every towel they owned, sat one devilishly smiling Nee-san. Knee over knee with arms back. Foot resting on Ryuko's sewing supply trunk. *Now sans outer clothes*.

"S-Should I even ask what the fucks goin on?"

“Nonon informed me some days ago that you have pioneered a rather *interestingly intimate* method of apparel creation.”

“...This is goin somewhere...”

“*Mmmm~* Did I tell you what our five guests are doing for the rest of today?”

“No?”

“Clearing the neighborhoods sidewalks as punishment, *well four are*. Mako volunteered as moral support. They won't be back until eleven *or so~*.”

“*Oh*?...”

“*Sooo* I have roughly two hours to repay your kindness in shouldering the days rather spectacular burdens for me. I'm volunteering to be your creative canvas this evening. Two hours to help you relax in your hobby if you are so inclined... Which also means two hours to get both of us *dry in the process, perhaps? I must confess, there has been some distress, which is making my panties quite regularly a mess~*.”

After a few moments of just standing in the threshold, dripping on tiles, geared eyes went wide finally realizing the implication. The owner of their gray counterpart chuckling bemusedly in response as she uncrosses legs and parts knees. Right hand coming forward, reaching out for her.

“*Oh One True Goddess of thread bestow thy touch upon me.*

A production that would be fine while lounging under our one cherry tree?

For when I just relax and drink tea?

To sweat and tan while boating across the sea maybe?

Perhaps something just a bit more frisky? Much more risky.

With some fine needle work that comes up past the knee.

For when it is truly just you and me?

Material that would display me for ALL that would see.

Something truly racy. Probably lacy?

Don't fret. I worry naught of this, for there is truly only One addressee.

It is but a humble decree, let ye mind flow free.

Because it would mean the world to me, you see?

So, oh precious Imouto, would you please do it for me?~”

Stepping up to the bed Ryuko eagerly took that hand before getting pulled forward. Settling on top of her, straddling thighs. Bent forward, holding herself up, and peering down with a lopsided smirk.

“All ya gotta do is ask Sat's, and I will try.”

Two hands came up to grab the sides of her still damp face and pulled down gently till both lay nose to nose.

“If there is one thing I have learned from this time with you dear, *There is no try, only Do*~.”

Chapter End Notes

Insert proverbial “that's all she wrote”, or something.
Attempted using some form of actual narration, results vary.
Figured I would send them out this year with a bang at the very least.

End Notes

First finalized work, ever. Any criticisms and such welcome.

Even if you hate it thank you for your time to read till down here at least.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!